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# MODERN

JANUARY  
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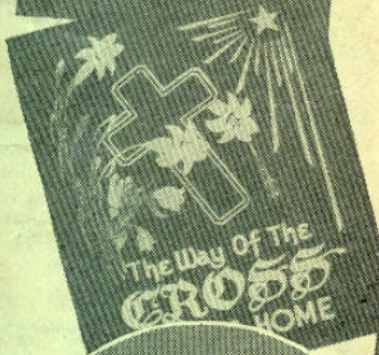


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# BLACKHAWK



The **BLACKHAWKS** have driven to the heart of strange and perilous mysteries on land, sea and air ... fighting evil and administering justice! What remains to them but the unknown world **UNDER THE OCEAN**? Here, again, the old proverb is shown to be true, *There are as strange things in the sea as ever came out of it*, as the Blackhawks explore **The CITY UNDER THE SEA!**



The world is startled at the news of tidal waves overwhelming shores in the Southern Sea....



The stoutest ships fight for life against wild waters....



New islands appear in mid-ocean --- and as quickly disappear....

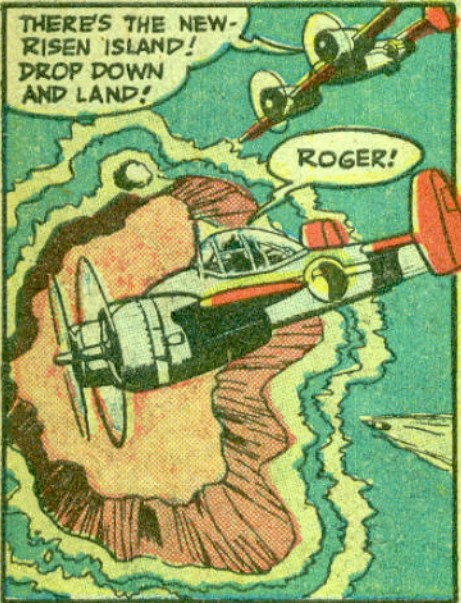
LET'S LAND ON THIS ONE FOR A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION--- BEFORE IT SINKS AGAIN!

THE BLACKHAWKS ARE COMING TO HELP US MAKE A SURVEY!



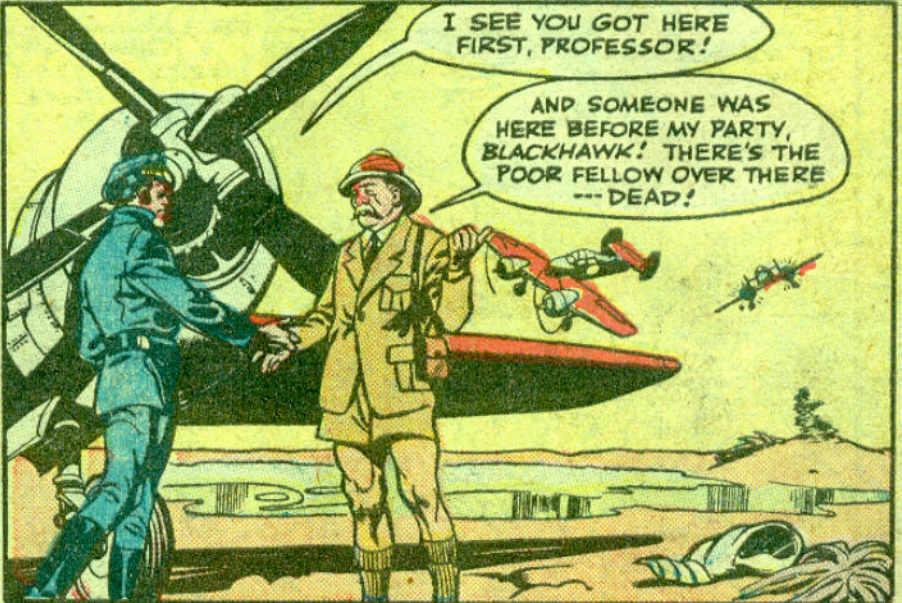
THERE'S THE NEW-RISEN ISLAND! DROP DOWN AND LAND!

ROGER!



I SEE YOU GOT HERE FIRST, PROFESSOR!

AND SOMEONE WAS HERE BEFORE MY PARTY, BLACKHAWK! THERE'S THE POOR FELLOW OVER THERE --- DEAD!



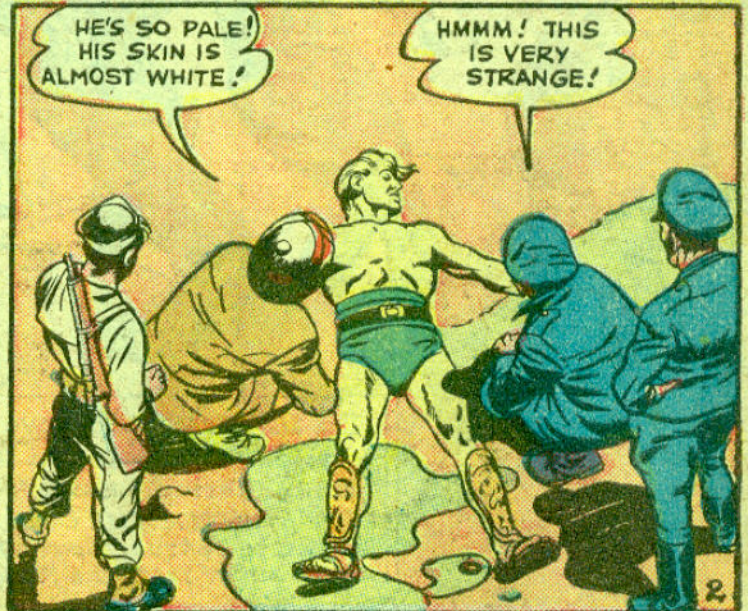
WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM, BUT CERTAINLY HE NEVER CAME FROM THESE TROPICAL LATITUDES!

NOR ANY PLACE ELSE ON EARTH I'VE EVER SEEN -- AND I'VE SEEN MOST OF IT!

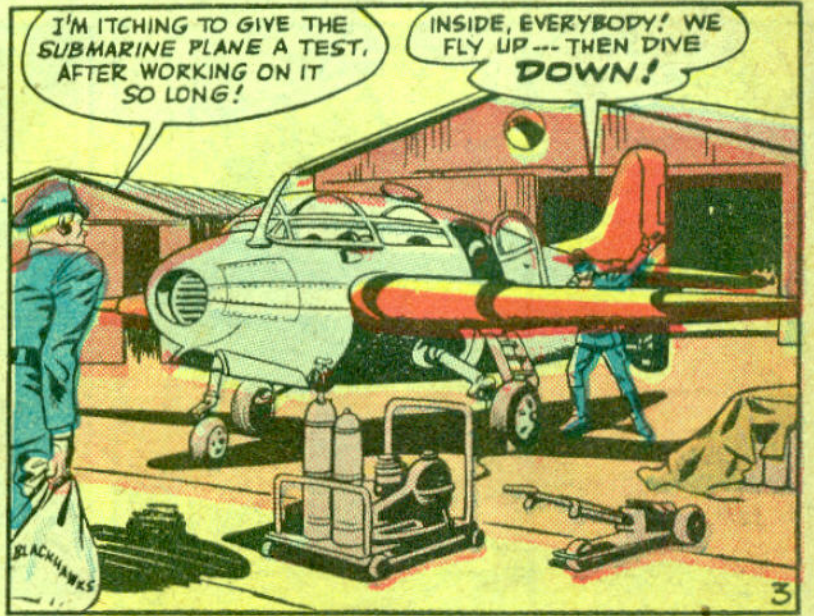
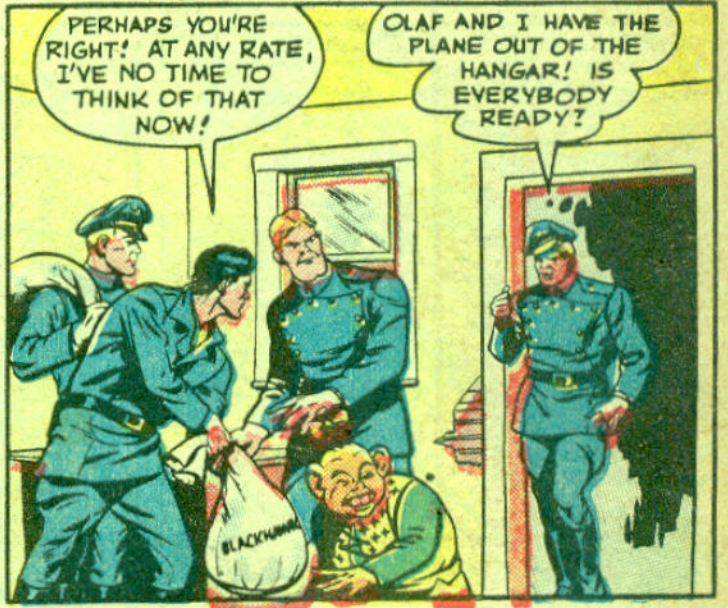
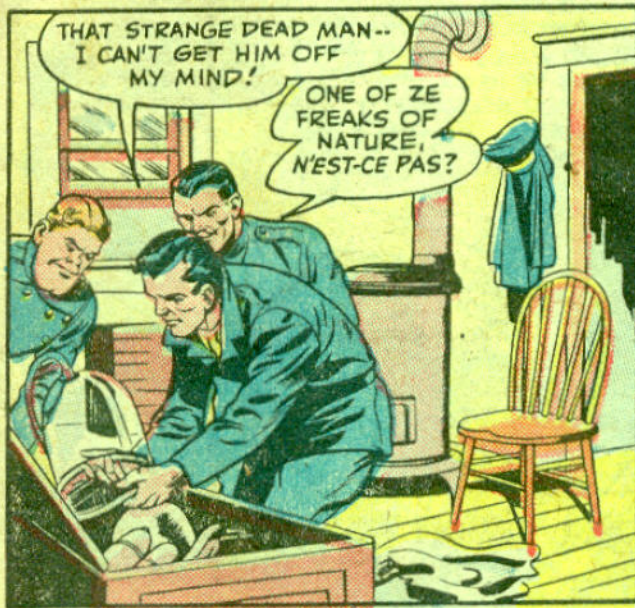
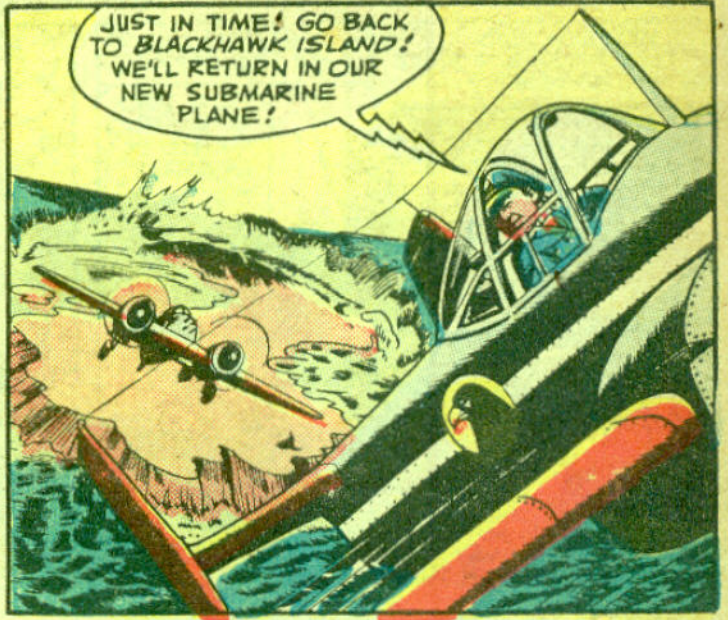


HE'S SO PALE! HIS SKIN IS ALMOST WHITE!

HMMM! THIS IS VERY STRANGE!





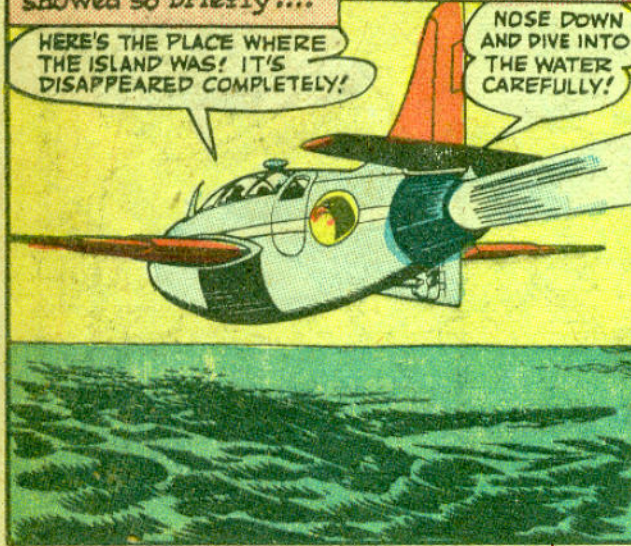




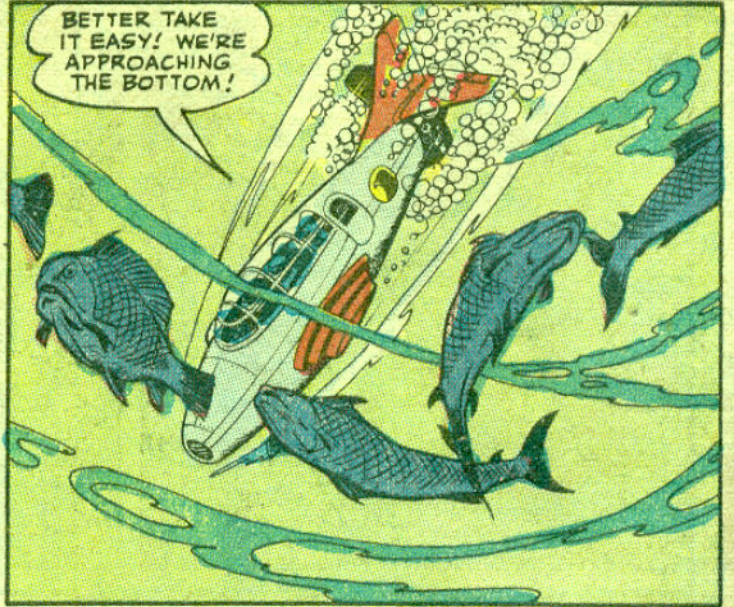
The new triumph of *Blackhawk's* mechanical wisdom seeks the place where the island showed so briefly....

HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE THE ISLAND WAS! IT'S DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!

NOSE DOWN AND DIVE INTO THE WATER CAREFULLY!

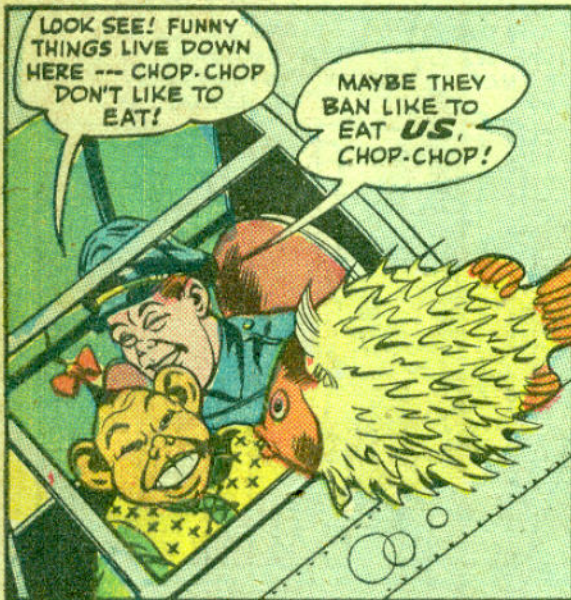


BETTER TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE APPROACHING THE BOTTOM!



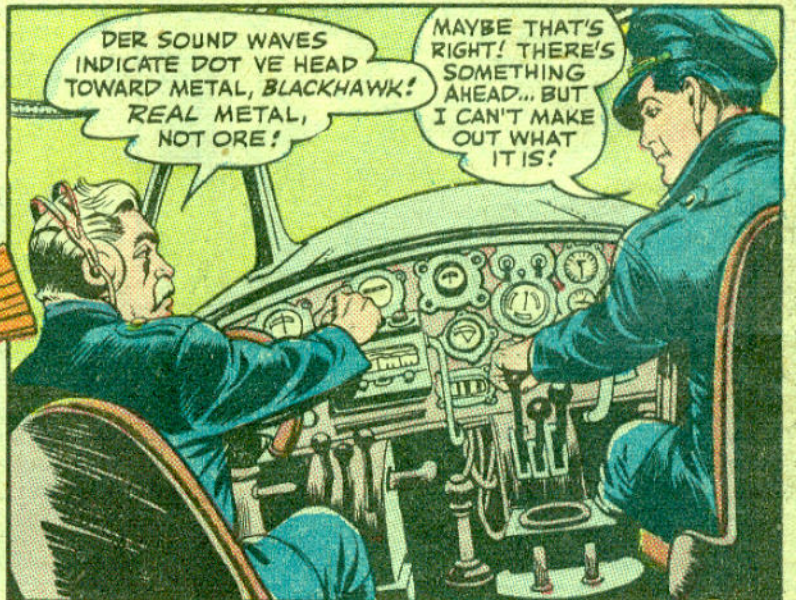
LOOK SEE! FUNNY THINGS LIVE DOWN HERE --- CHOP-CHOP DON'T LIKE TO EAT!

MAYBE THEY BAN LIKE TO EAT US, CHOP-CHOP!



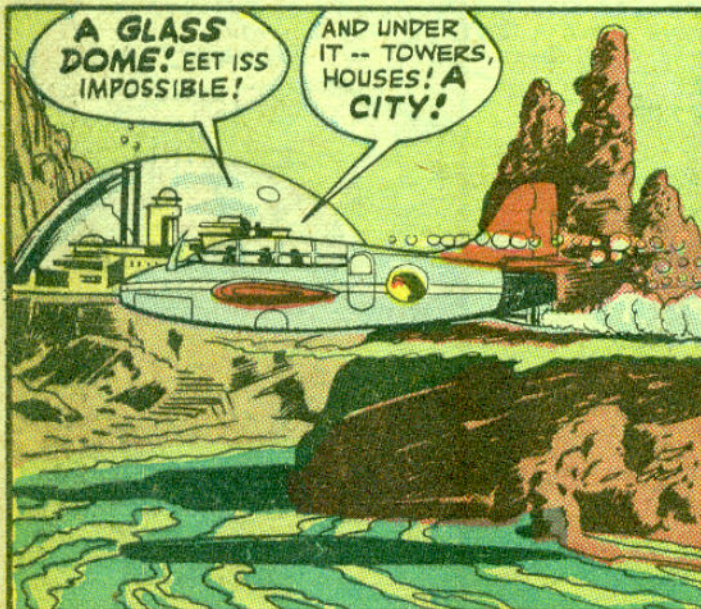
DER SOUND WAVES INDICATE DOT VE HEAD TOWARD METAL, BLACKHAWK! REAL METAL, NOT ORE!

MAYBE THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING AHEAD... BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS!



A GLASS DOME! EET ISS IMPOSSIBLE!

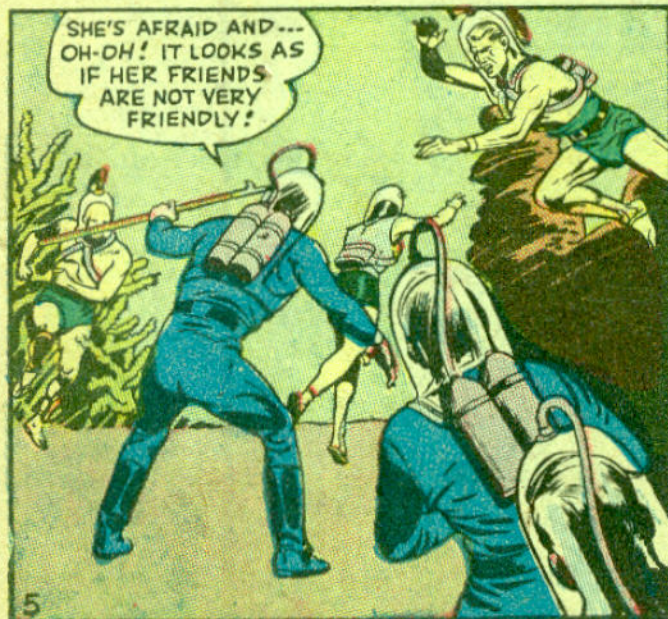
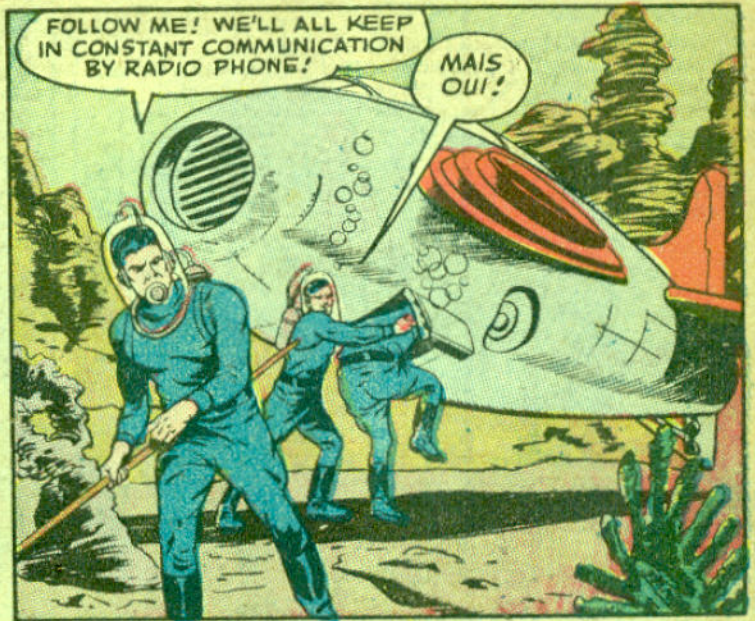
AND UNDER IT -- TOWERS, HOUSES! A CITY!



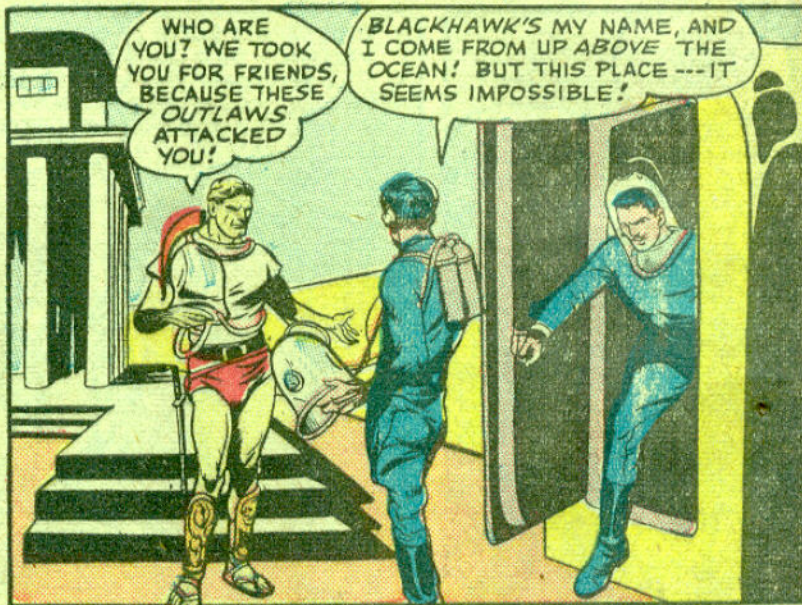
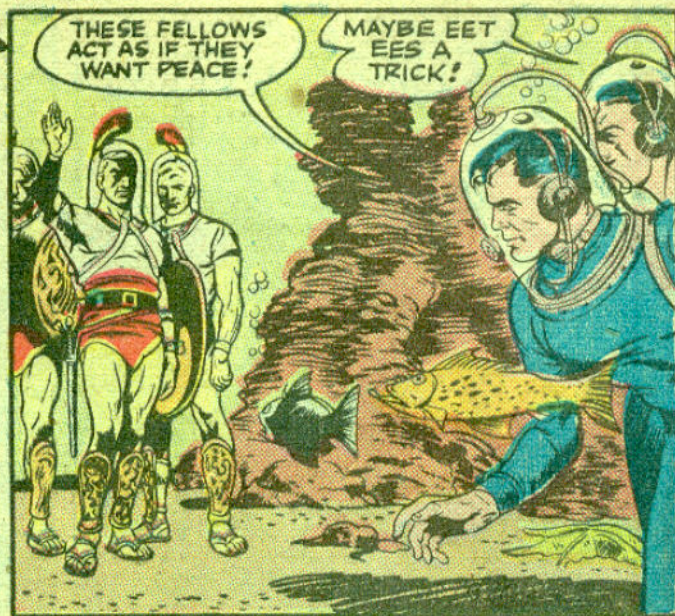
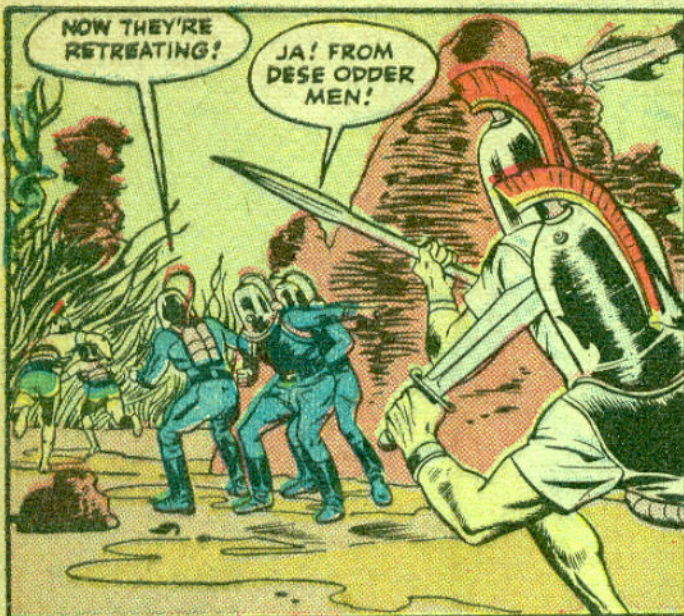
A CITY UNDER THE SEA! NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! STAND BY TO LAND ON THE BOTTOM! PERHAPS WE HAVE INADVERTENTLY UNCOVERED THE SECRET OF THAT STRANGE DEAD MAN!











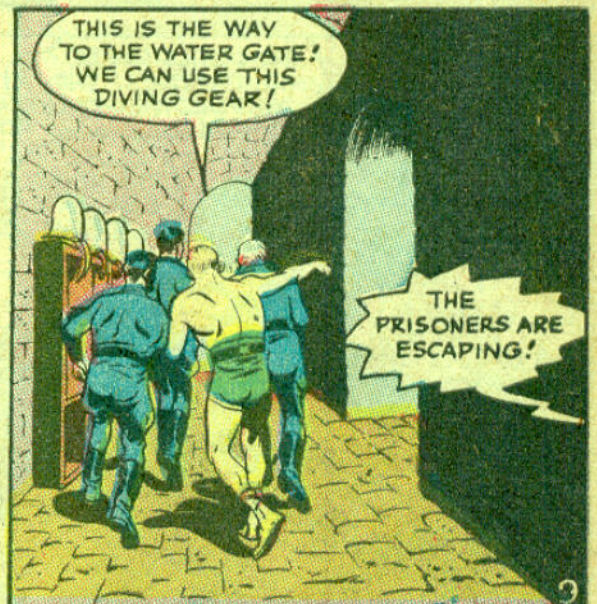
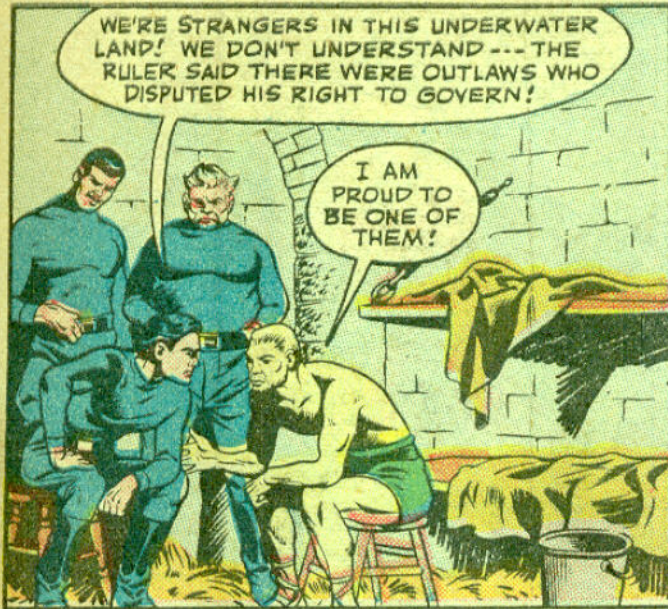




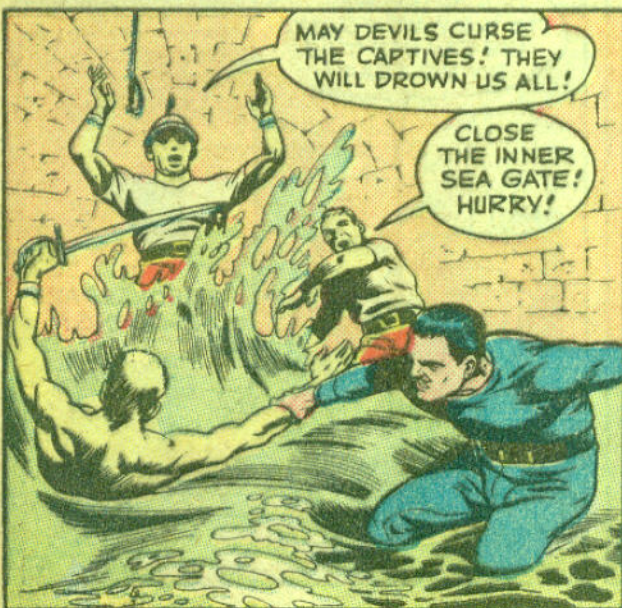
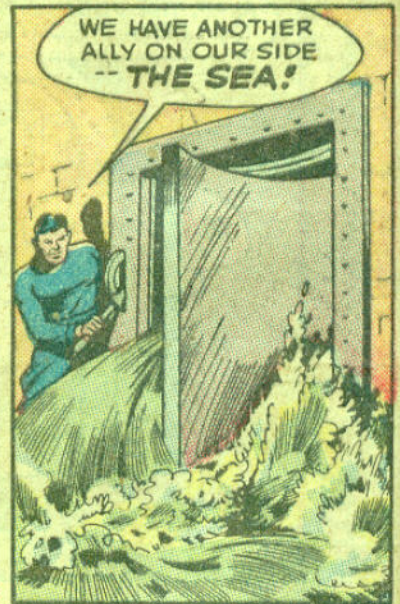
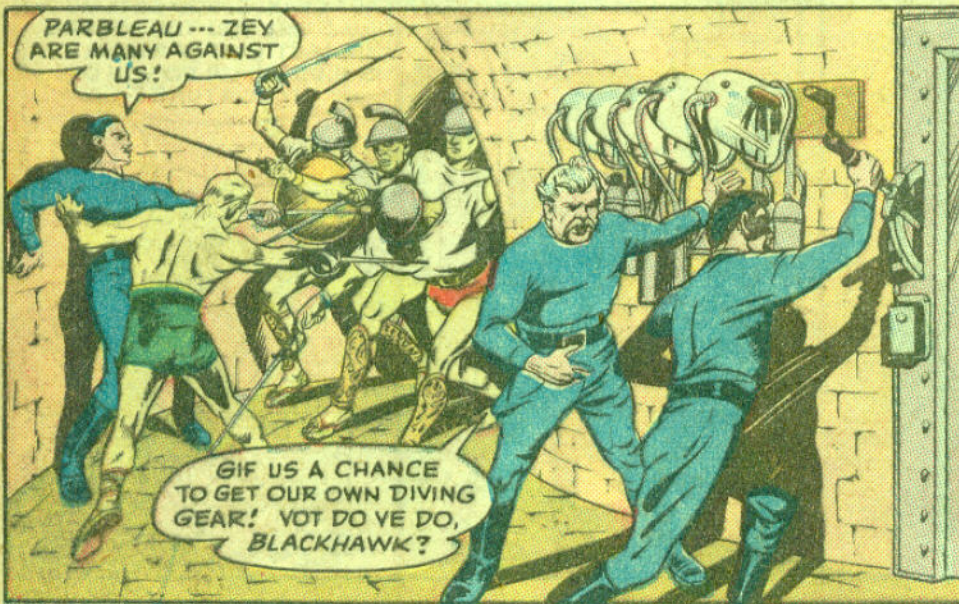
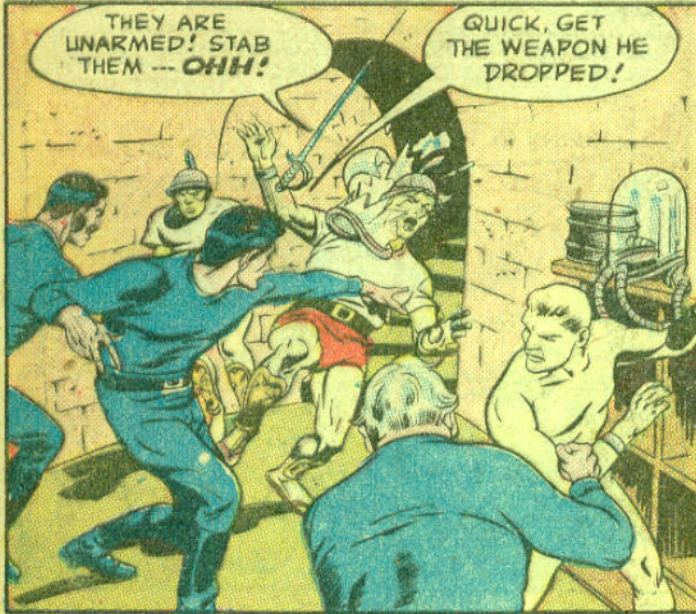




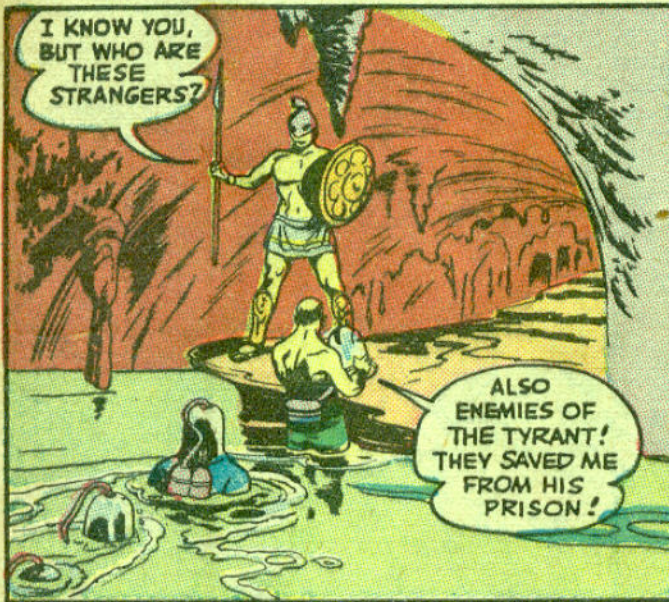
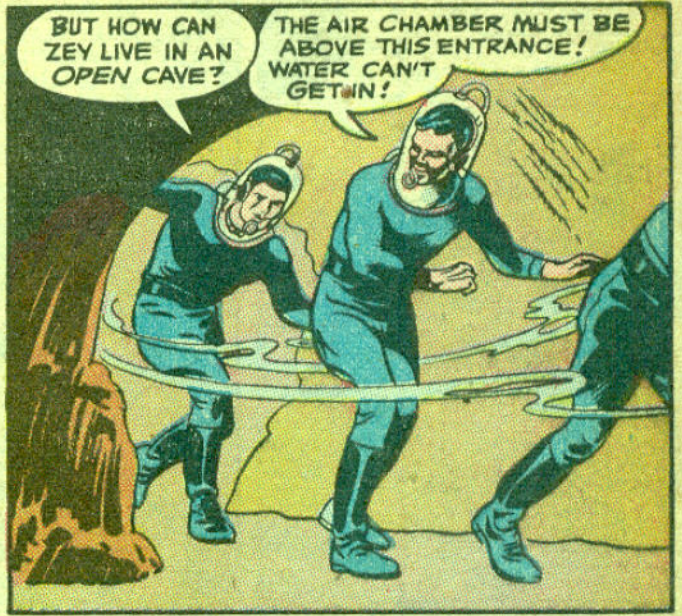
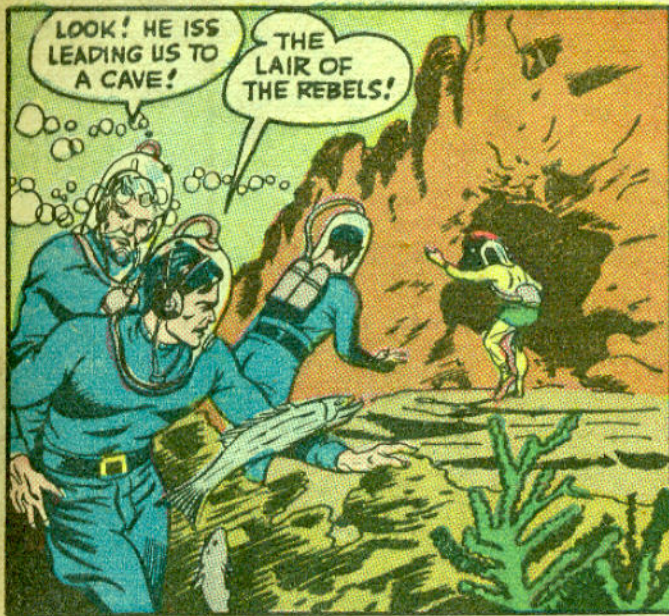




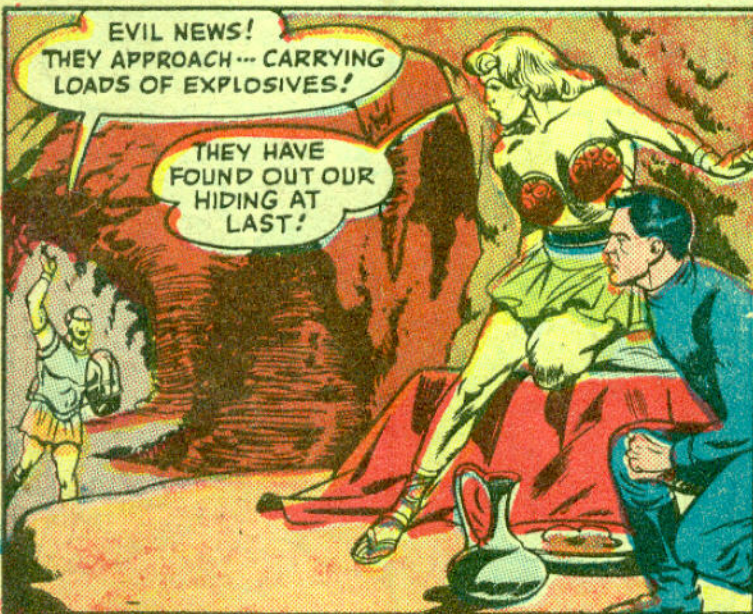
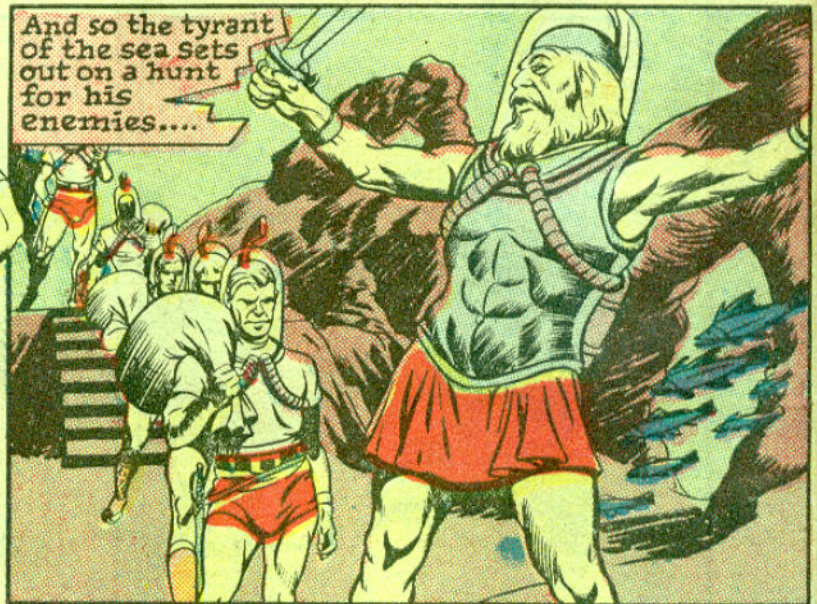




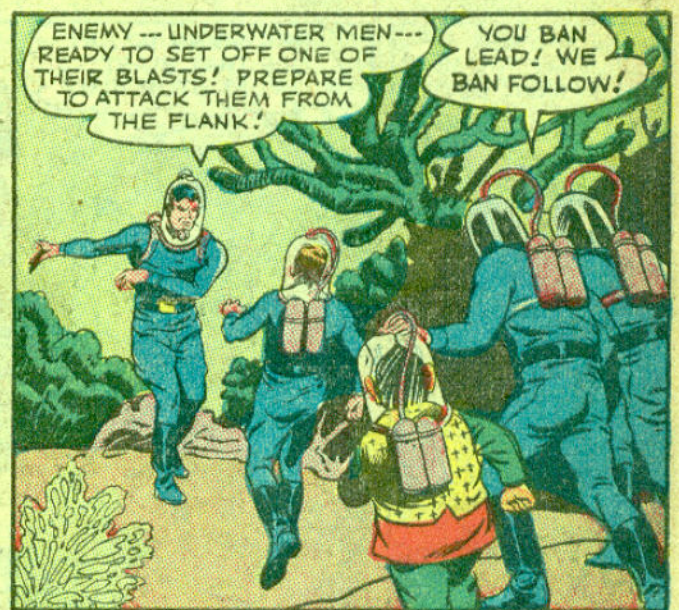
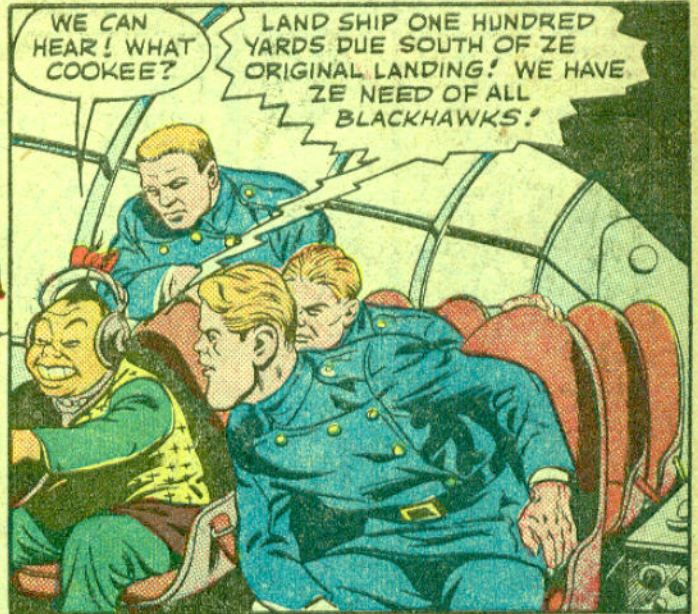




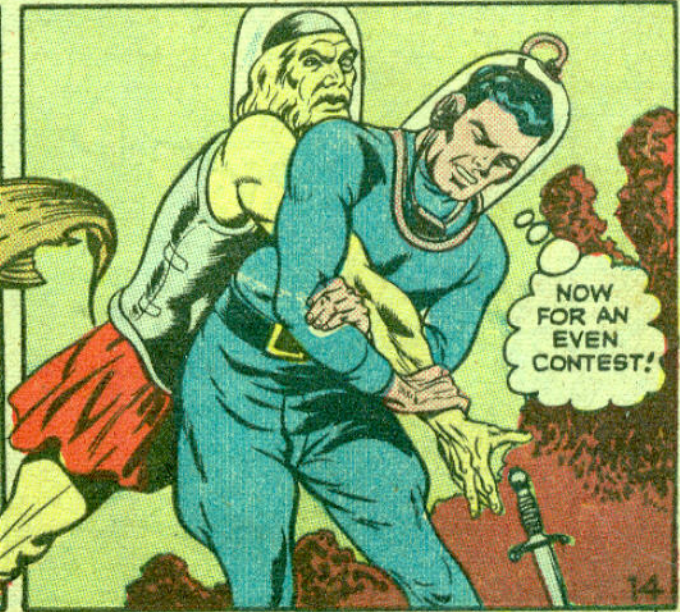
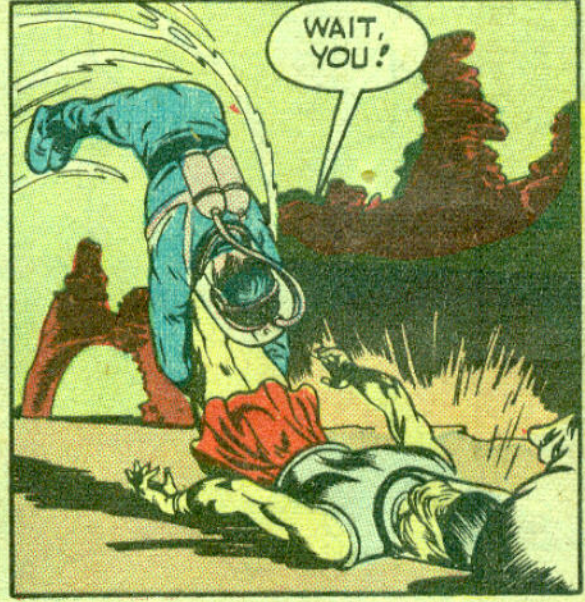
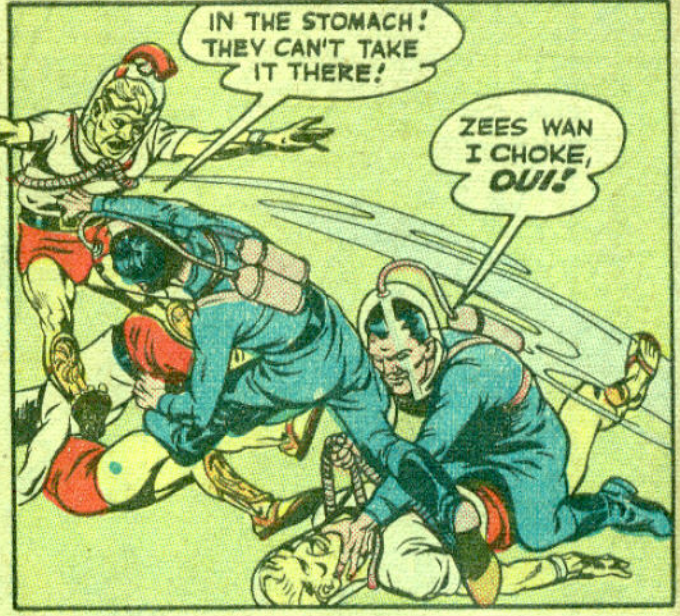




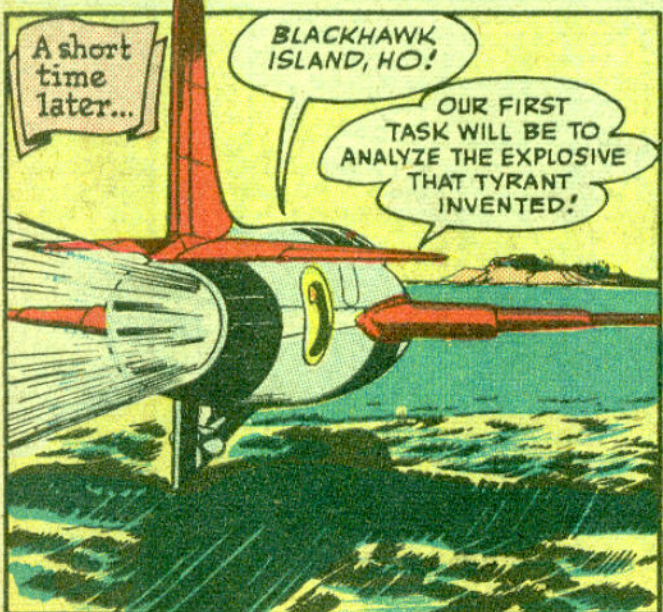






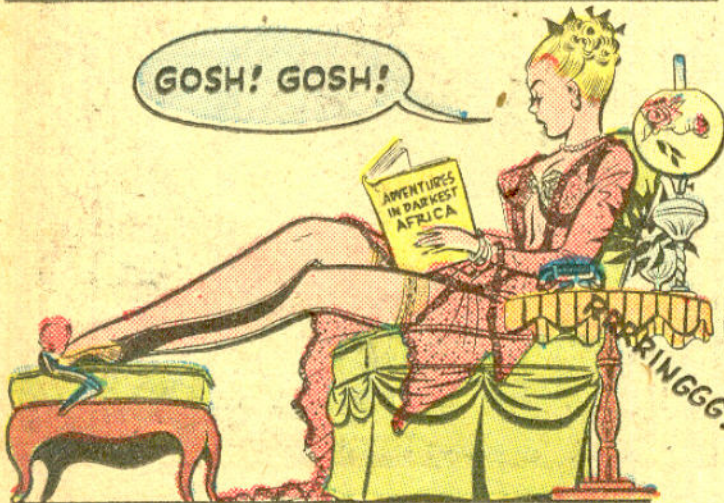
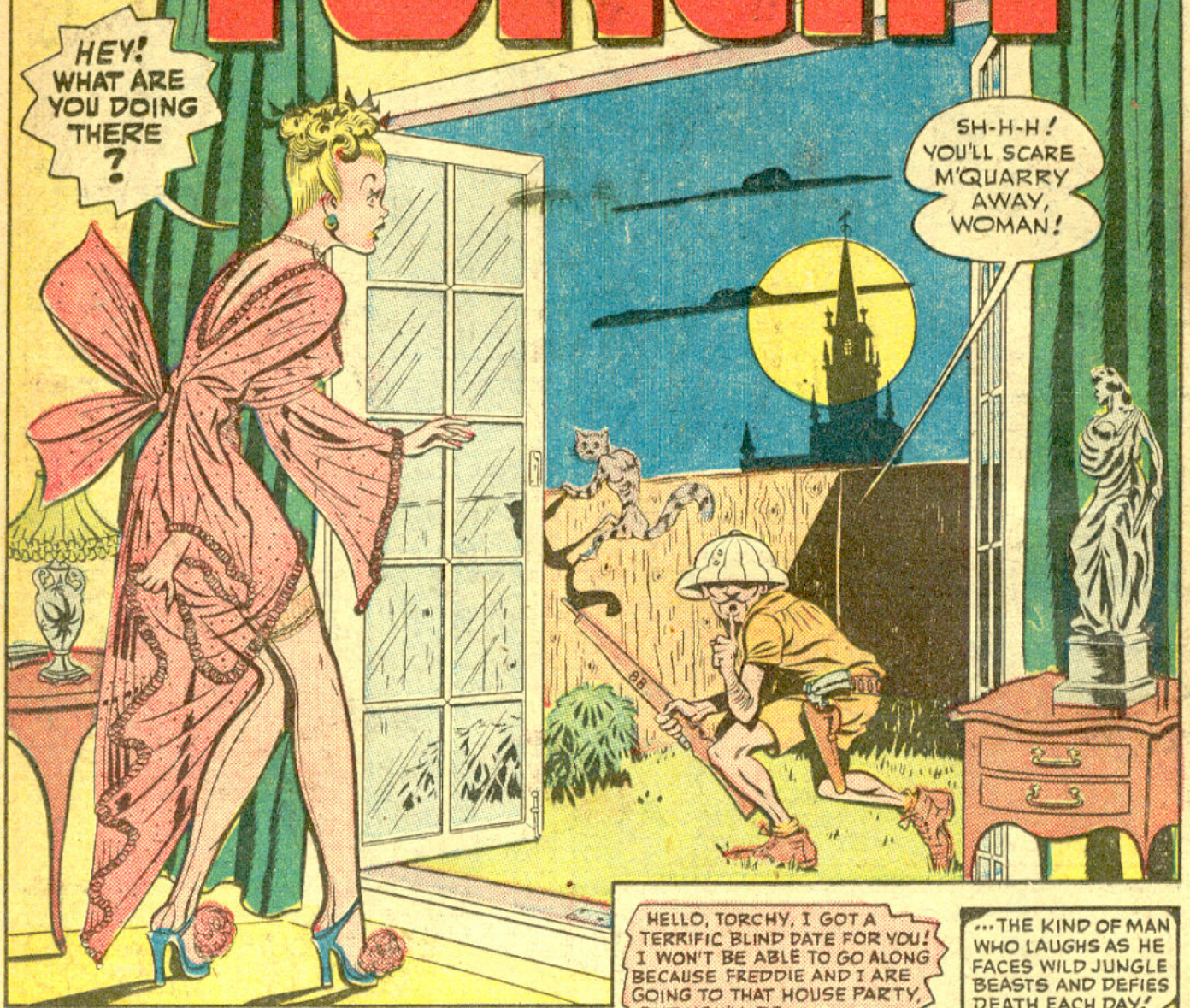








# TORCHY

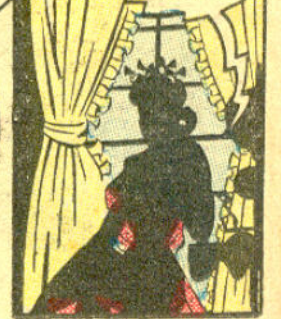


HELLO, TORCHY, I GOT A TERRIFIC BLIND DATE FOR YOU! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO ALONG BECAUSE FREDDIE AND I ARE GOING TO THAT HOUSE PARTY, BUT YOU'LL BE CRAZY ABOUT THIS MAN!

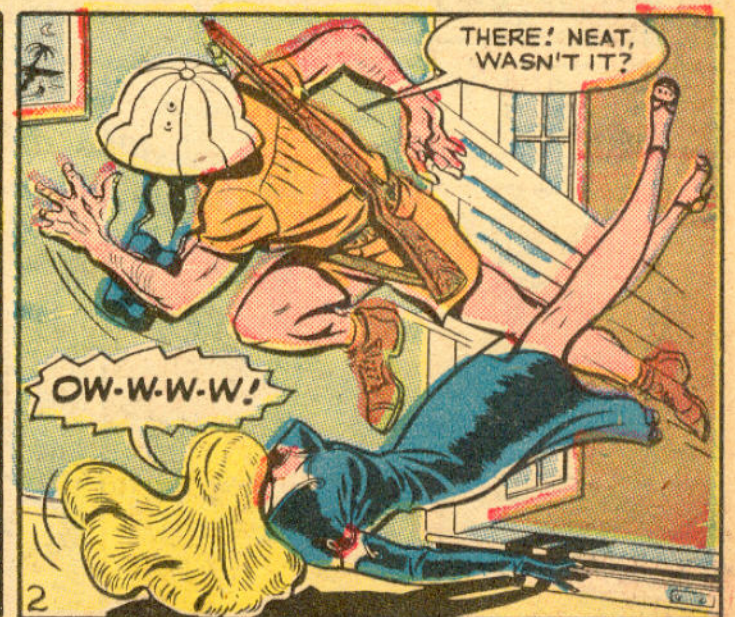
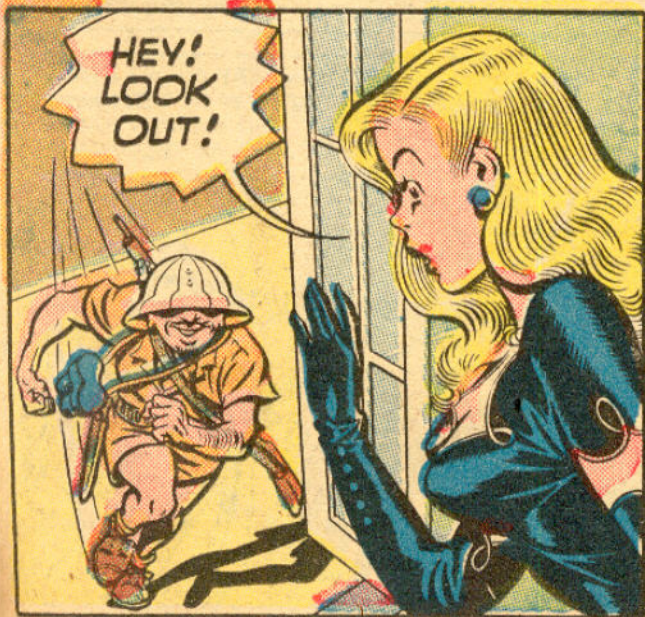
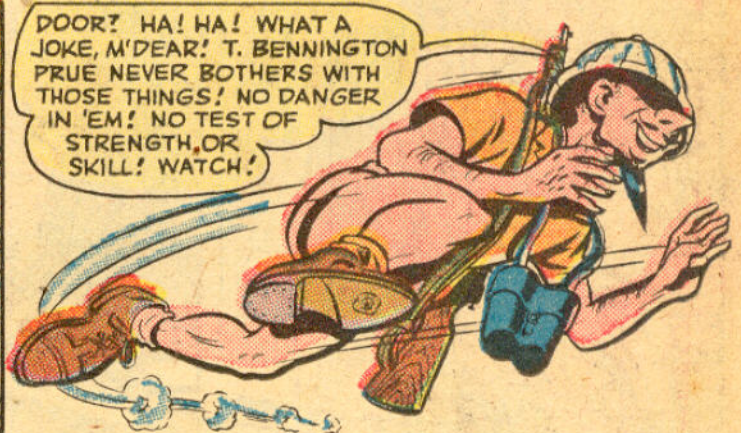
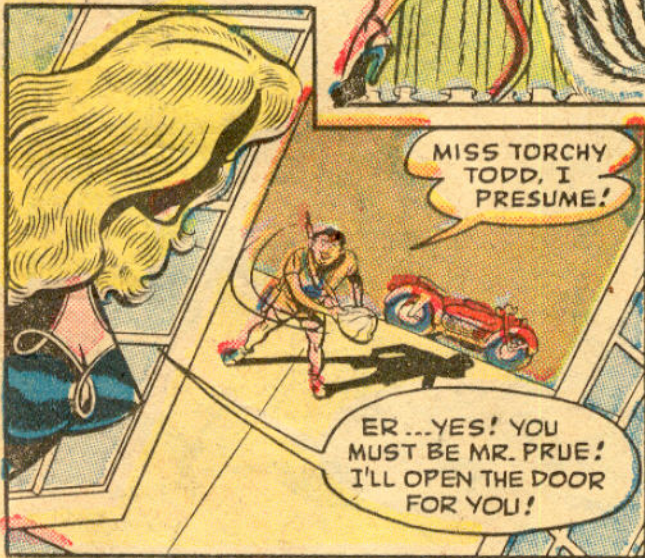
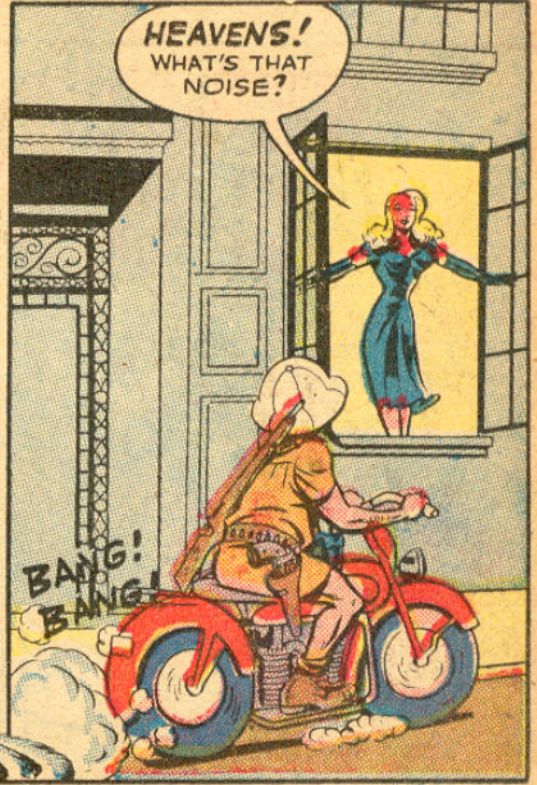
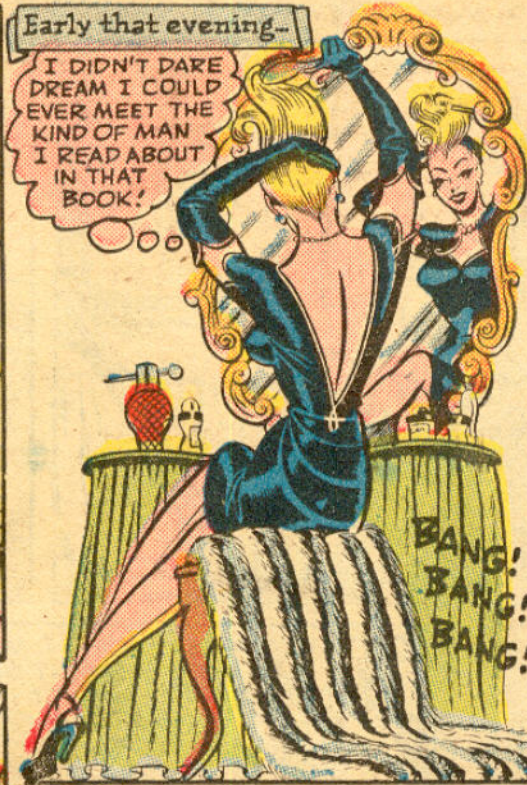
NOT A CHANCE, AGNES! NO BOOKKEEPER OR SHOE CLERK CAN SEND ME! I GO FOR THE KIND OF MAN WHO LIVES DANGEROUSLY....

...THE KIND OF MAN WHO LAUGHS AS HE FACES WILD JUNGLE BEASTS AND DEFILES DEATH EACH DAY!

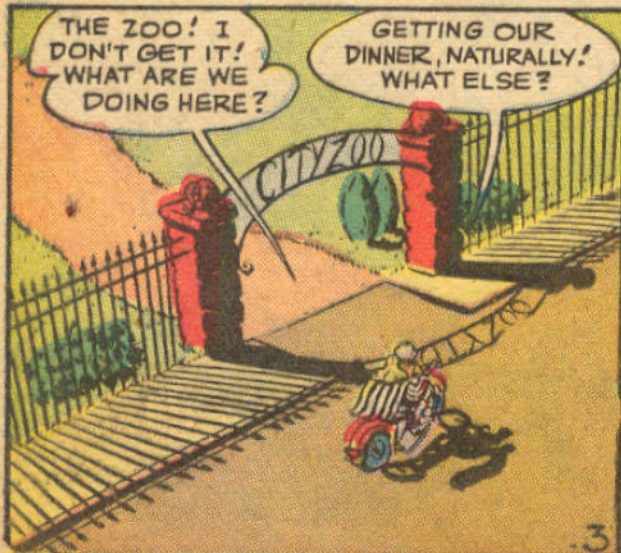
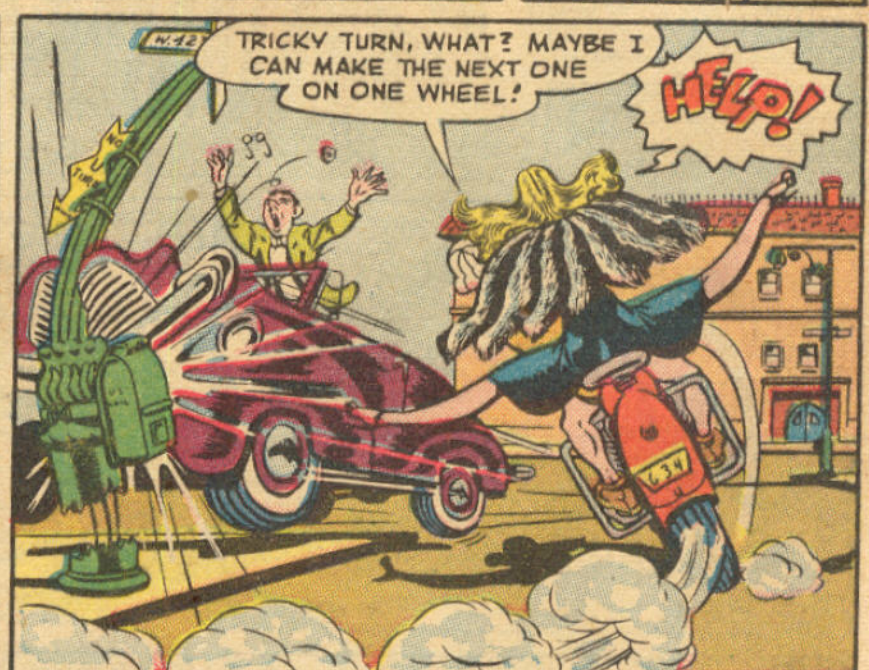
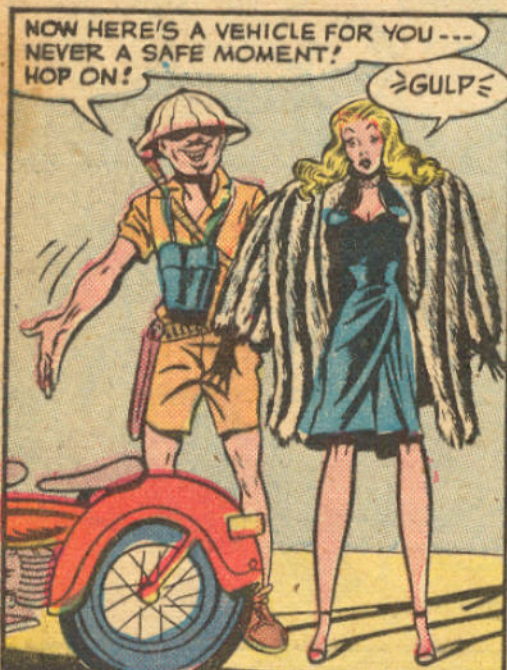
BUT, TORCHY, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF MAN THIS DATE IS!



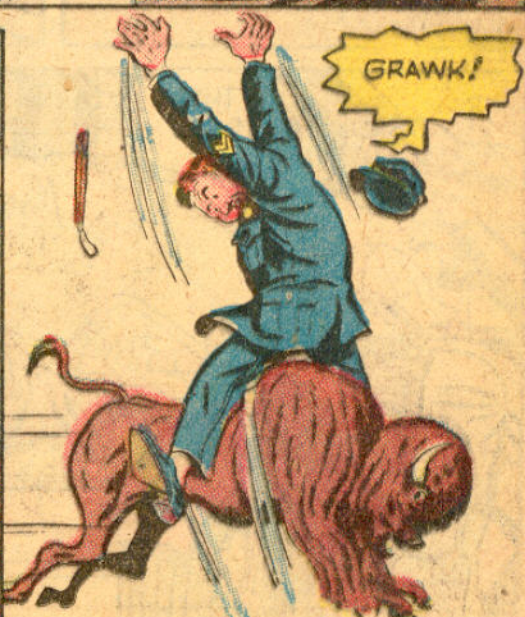
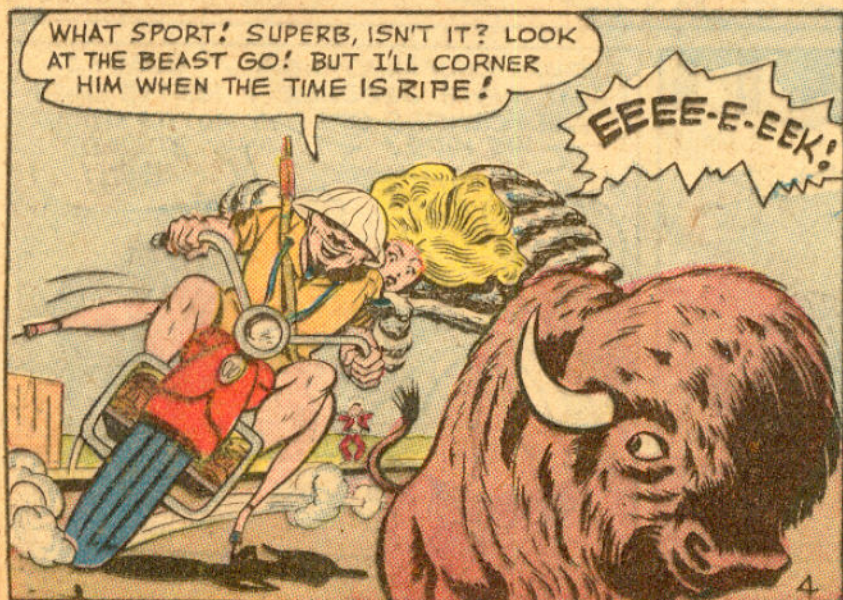
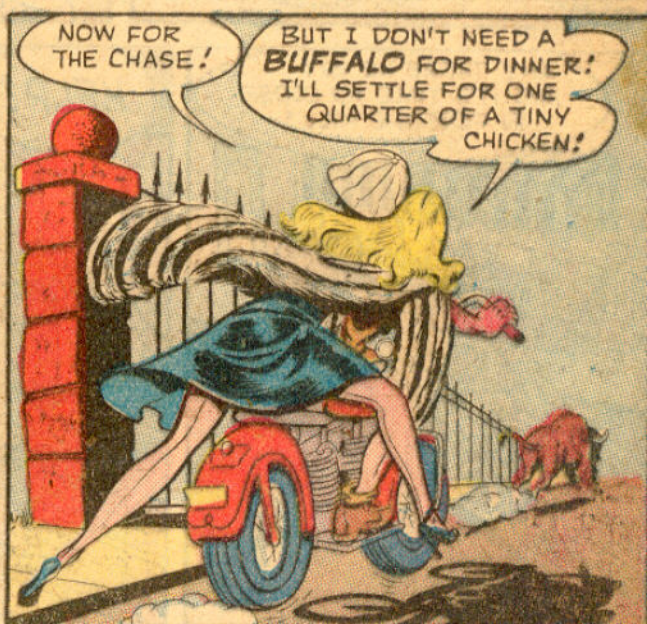
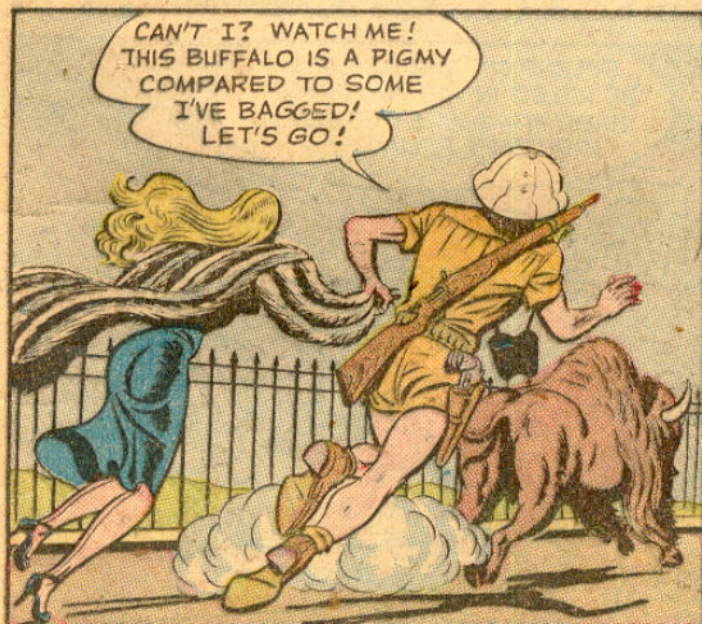
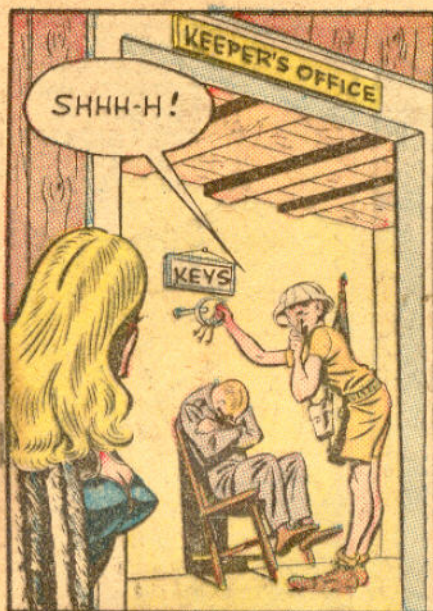




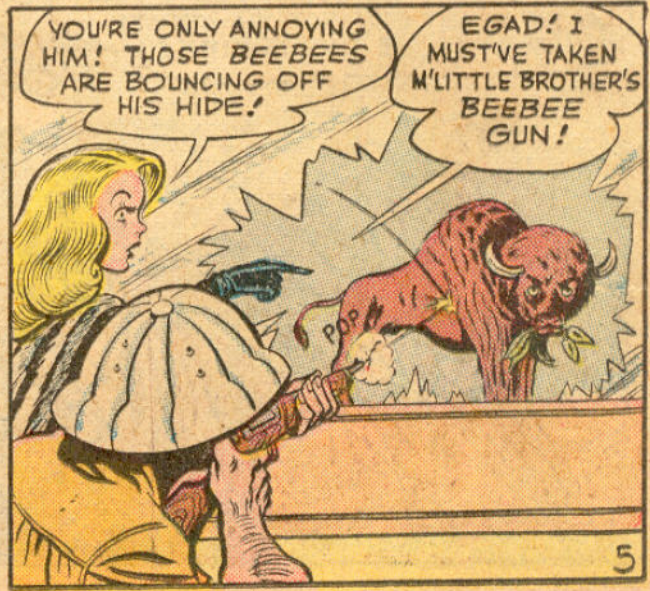
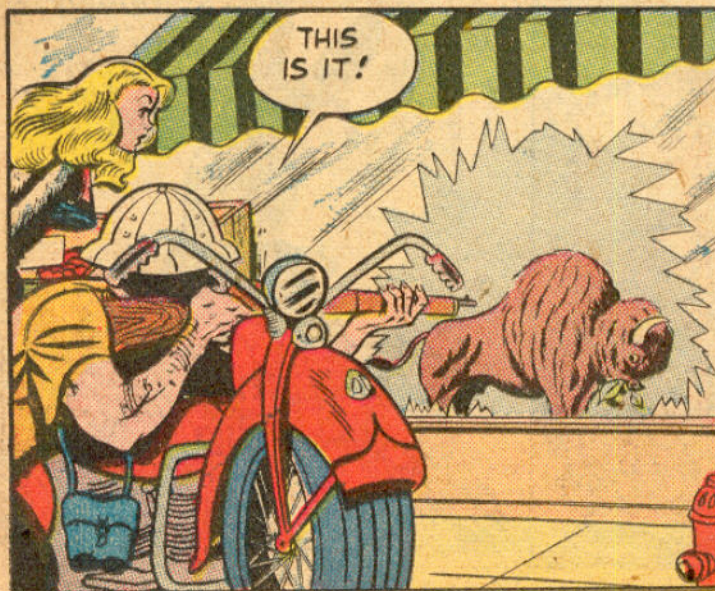
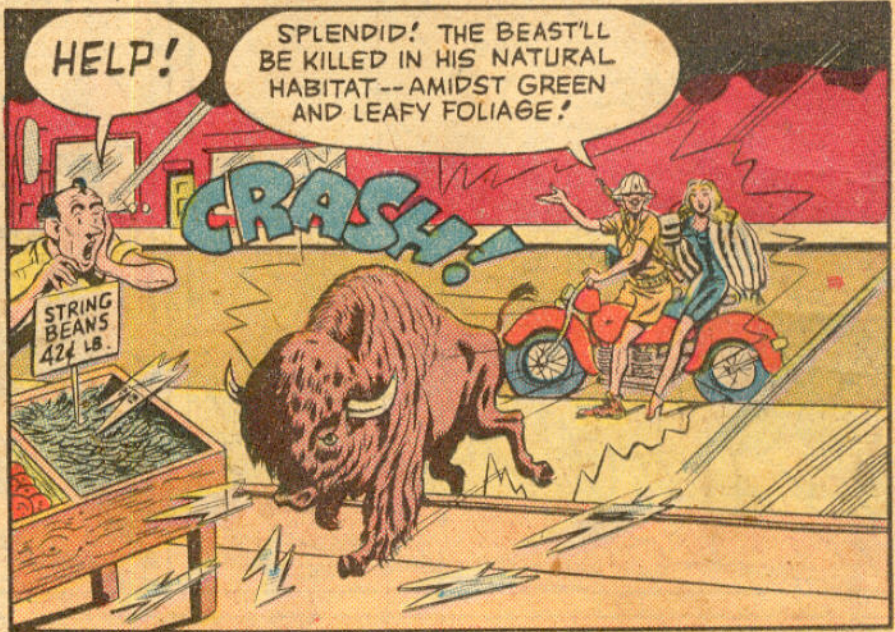
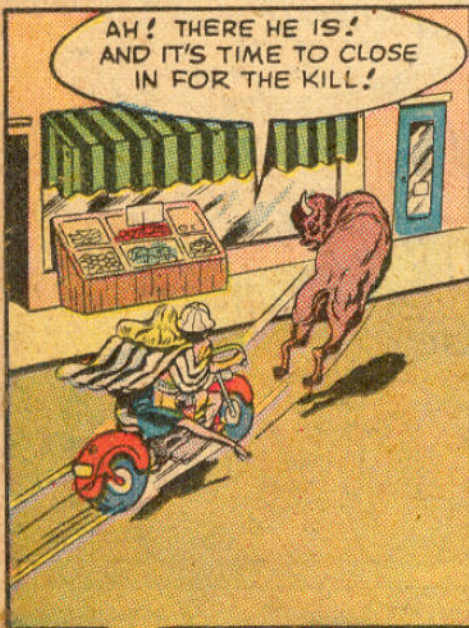
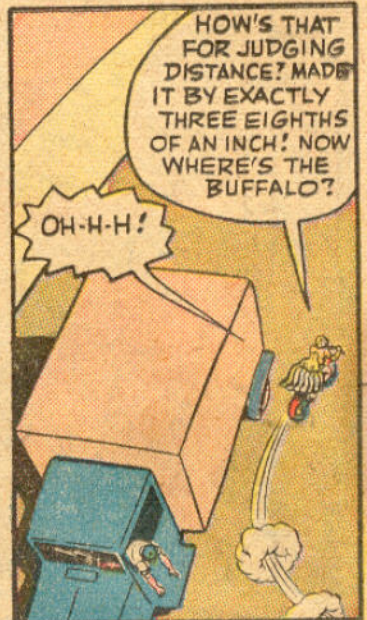




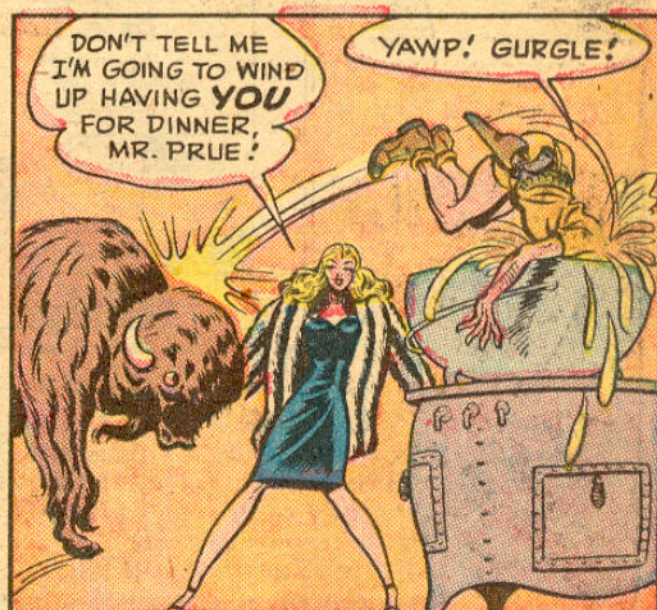
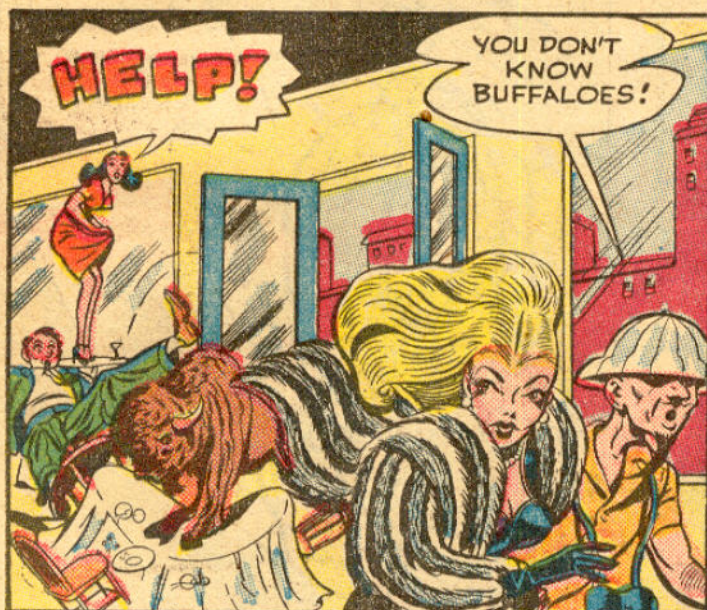
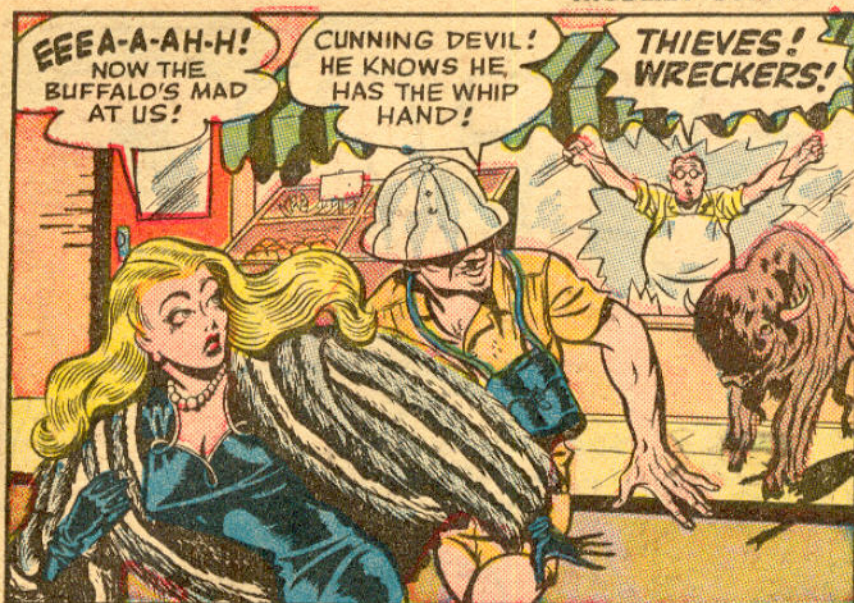






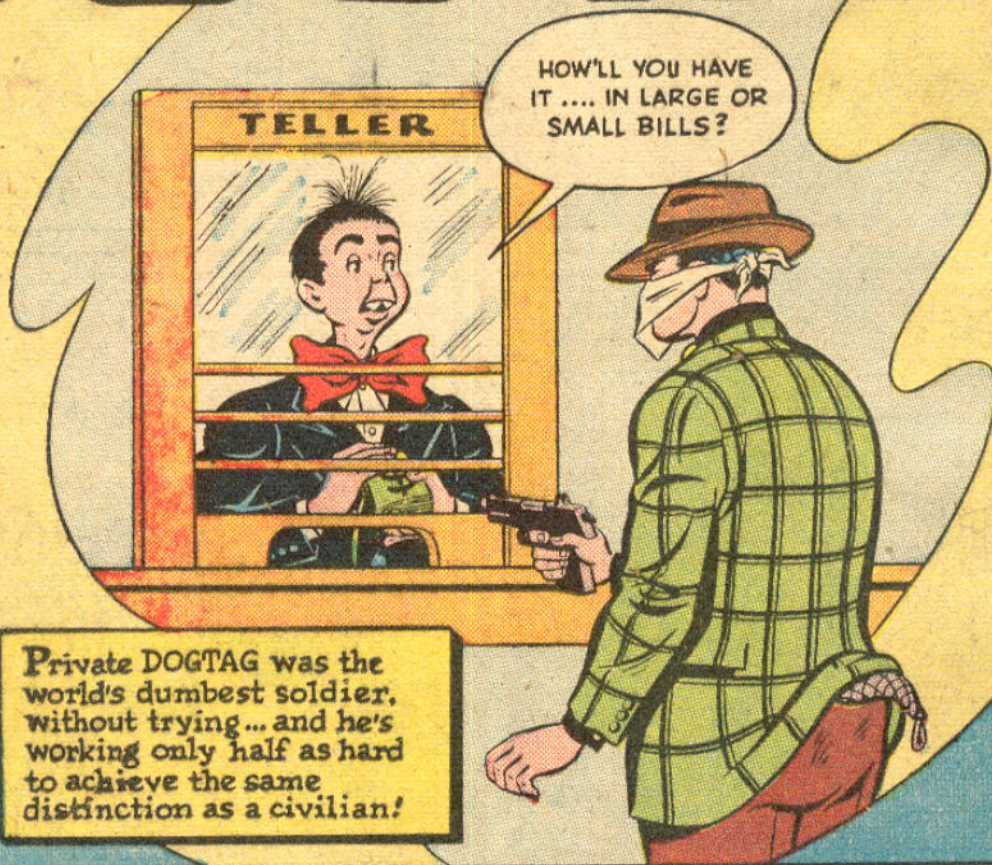








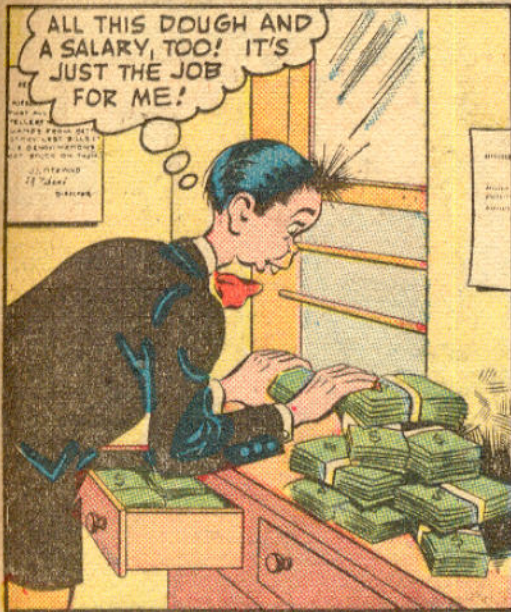
# DOGTAG



Private DOGTAG was the world's dumbest soldier, without trying... and he's working only half as hard to achieve the same distinction as a civilian!

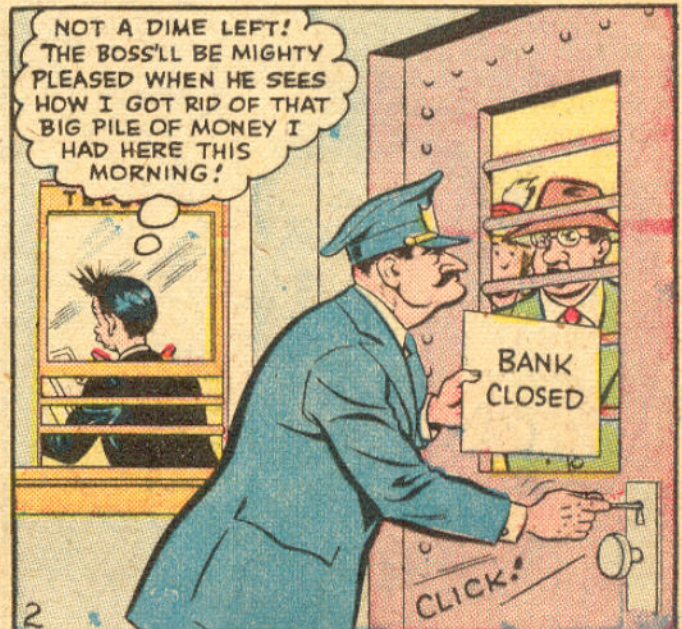
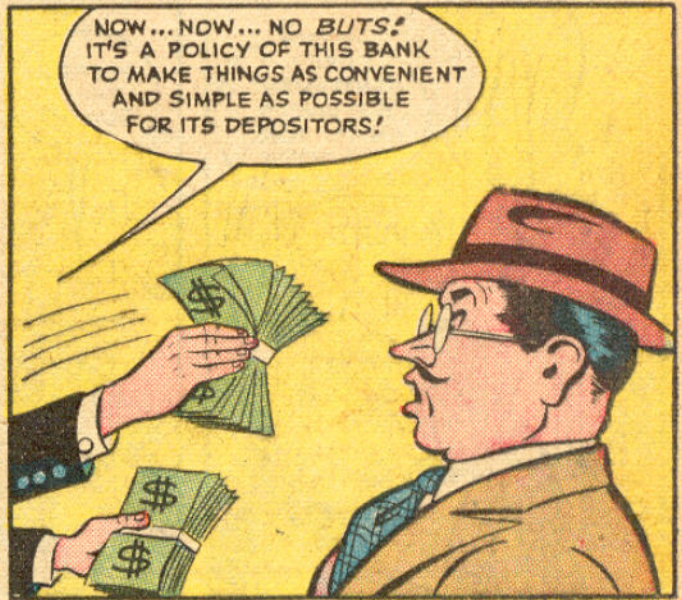




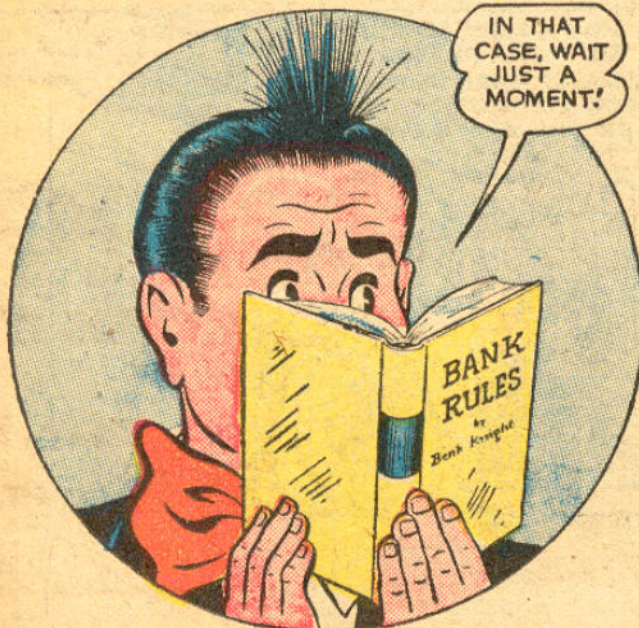
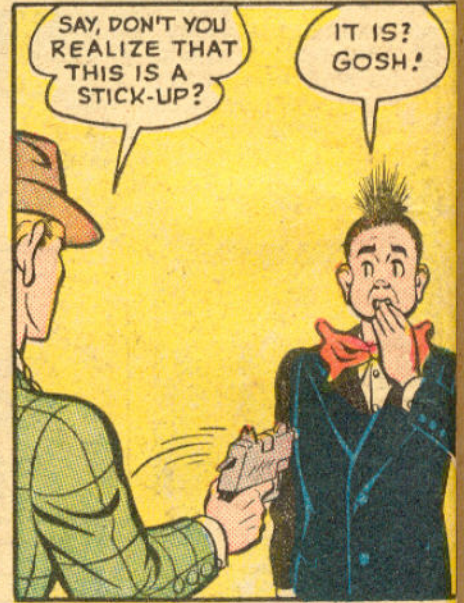
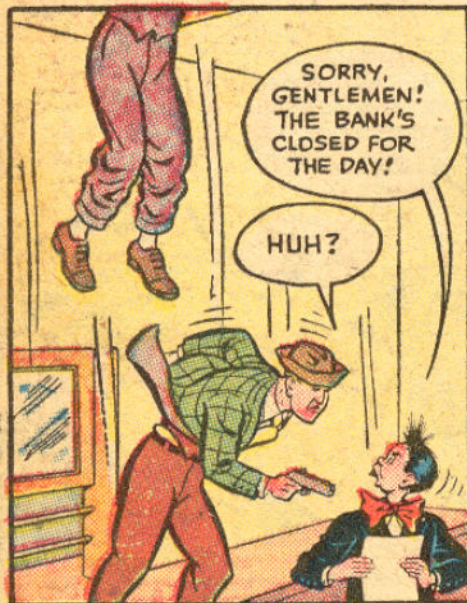
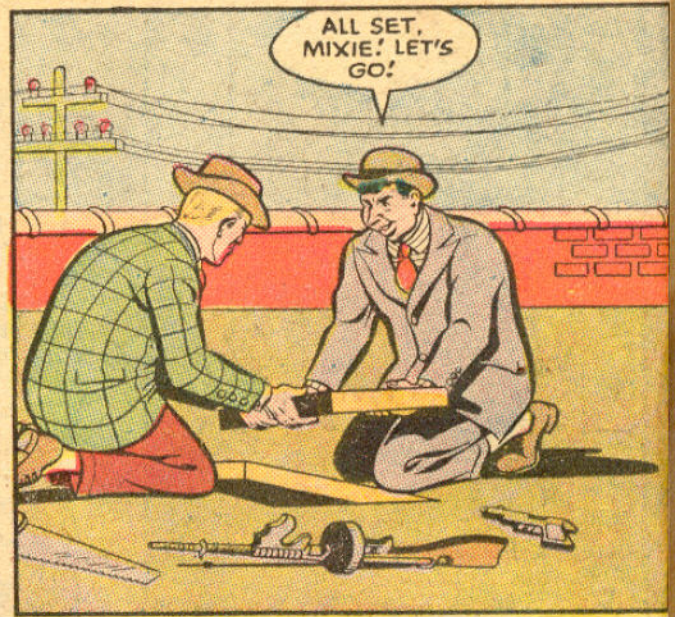


**BZZ-ZZZ**

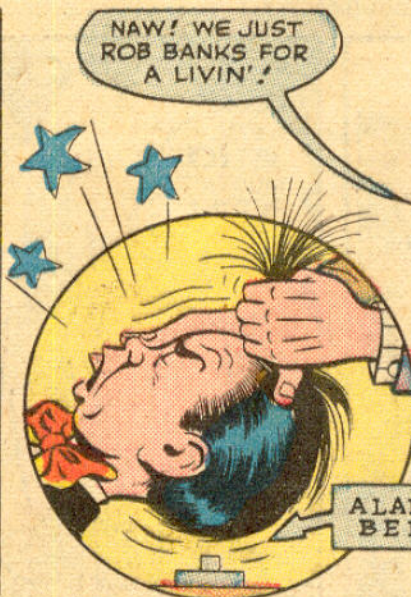
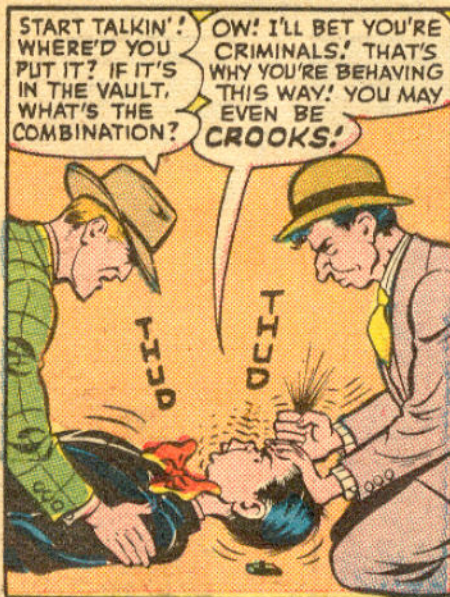
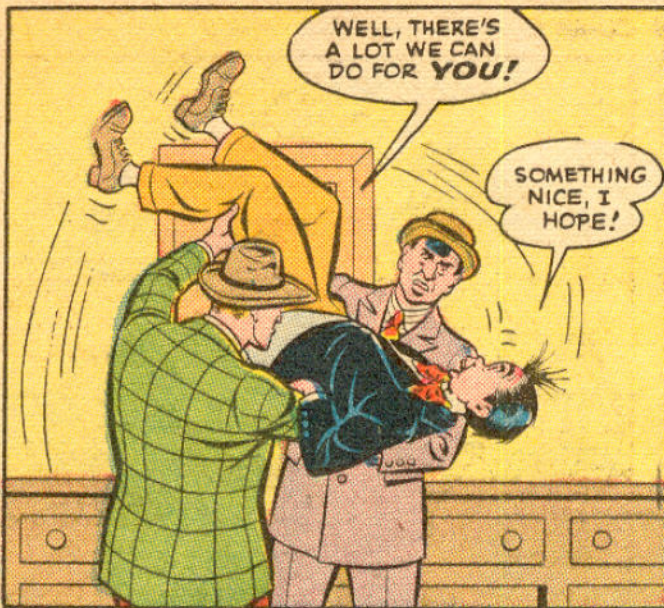
FUNNY... THERE'S A CONSTANT BUZZING IN MY EARS! MAYBE IT'S A TELLER'S OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE!



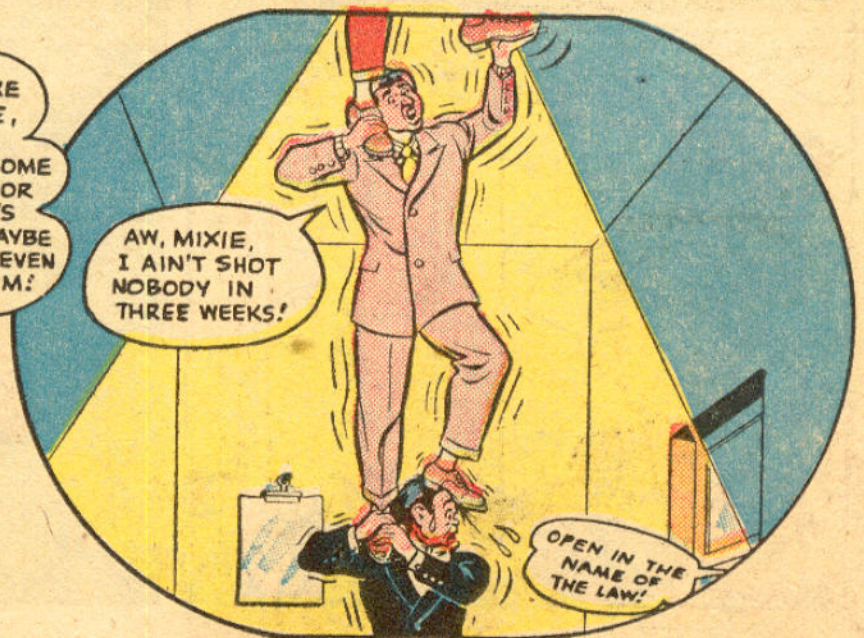
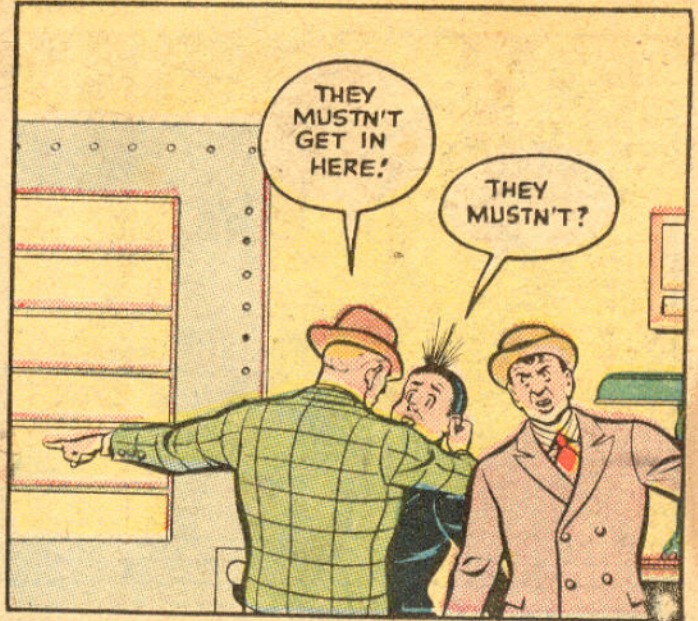
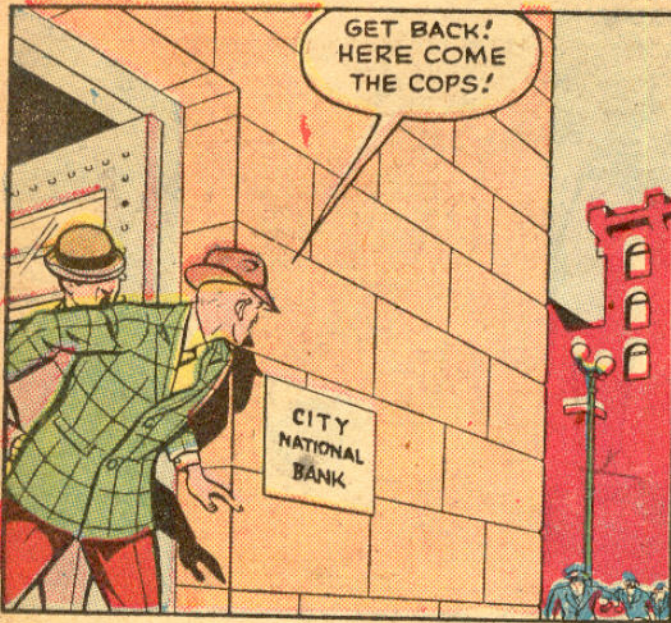




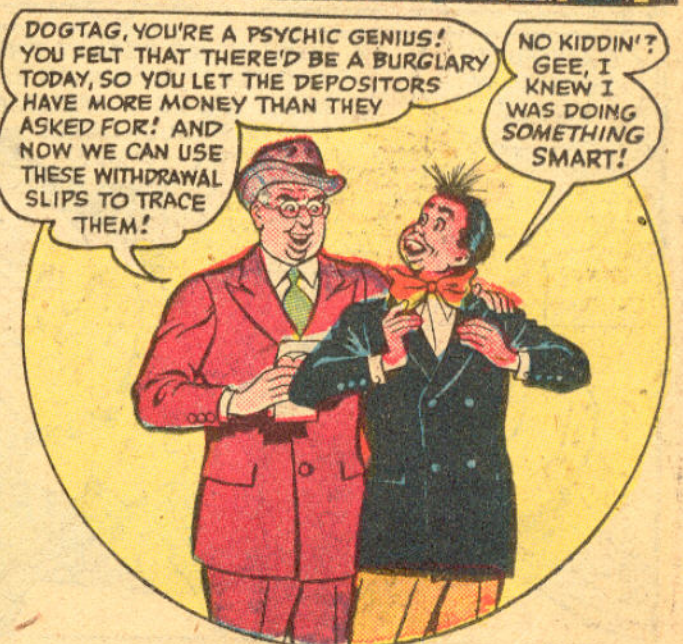
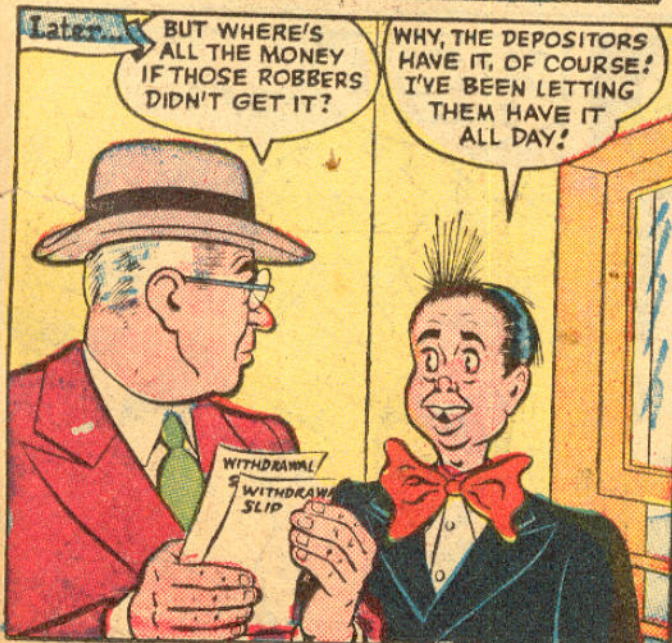
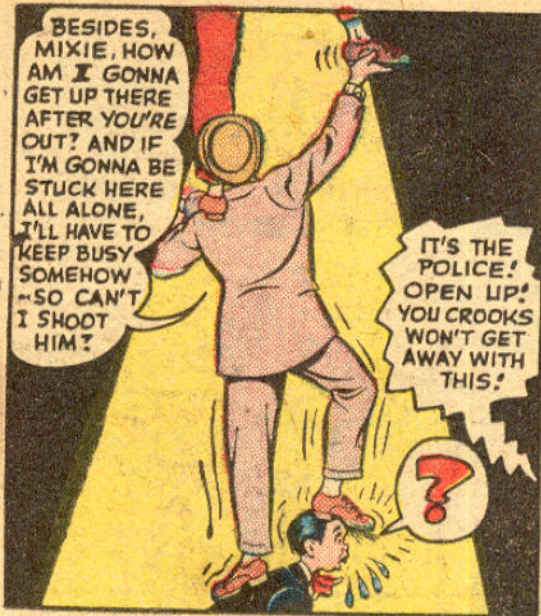










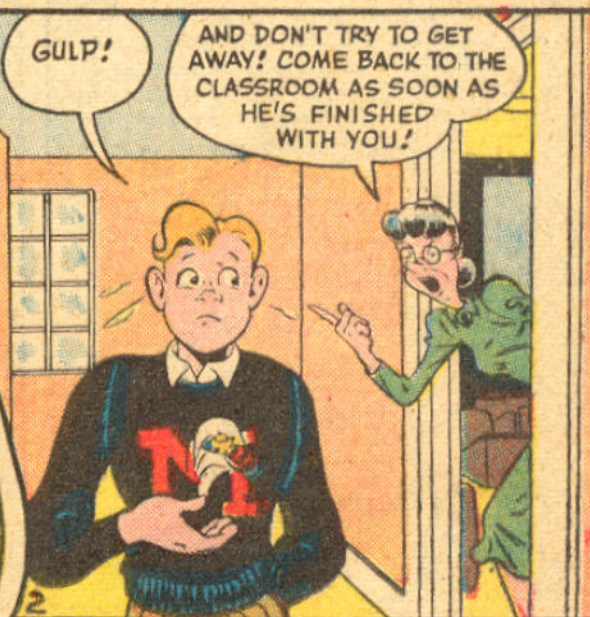
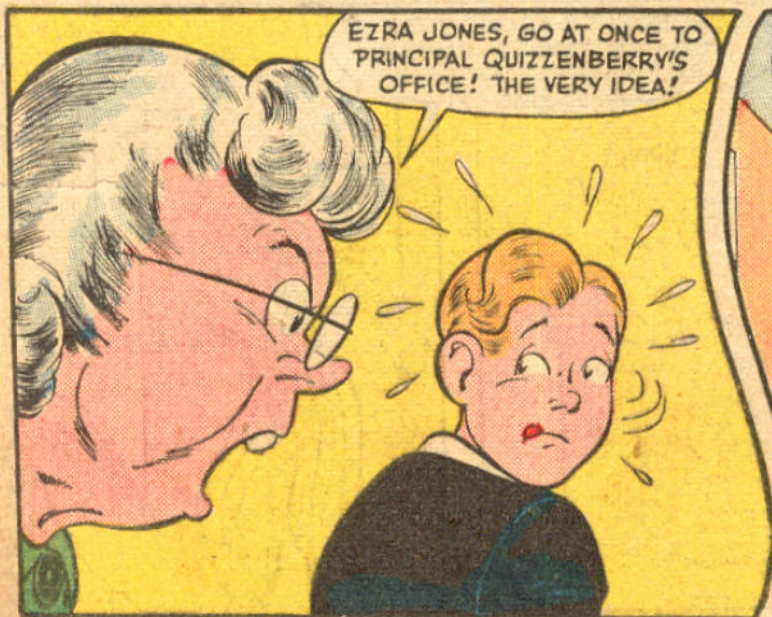
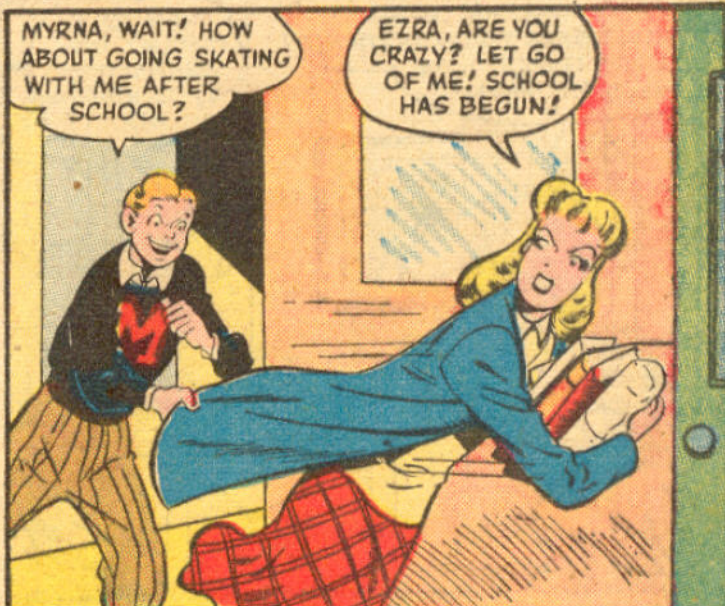
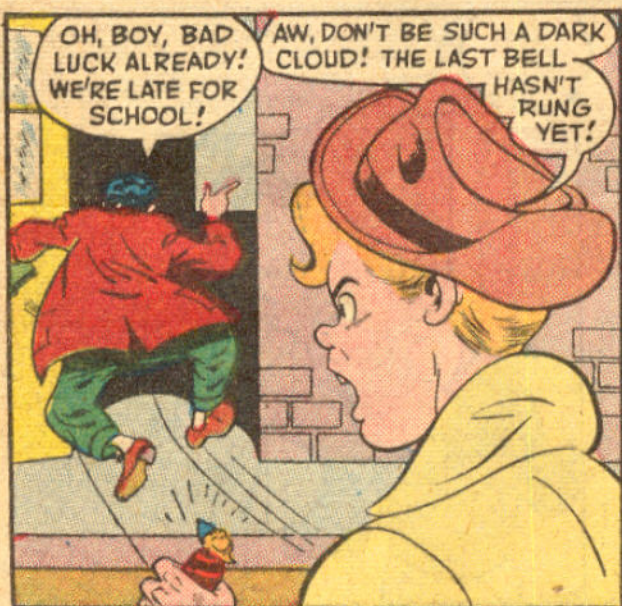




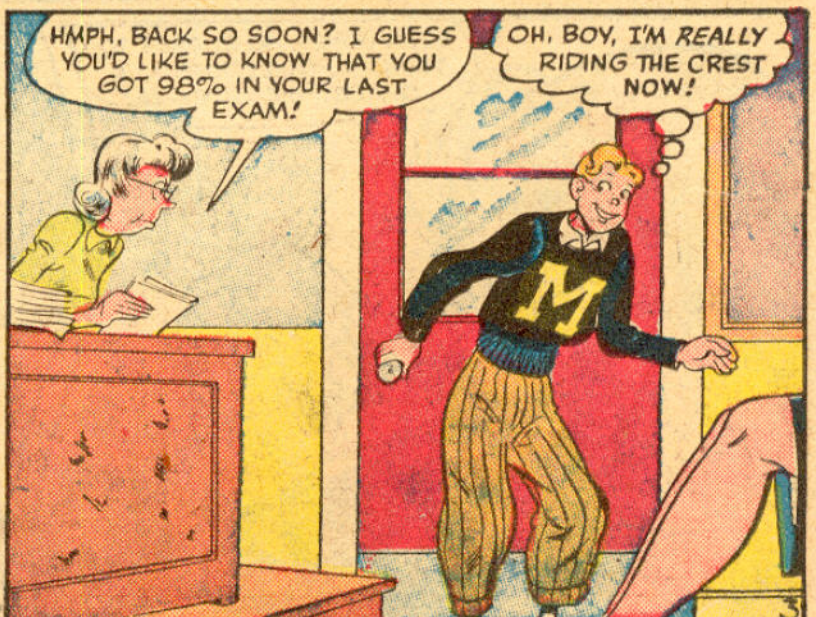
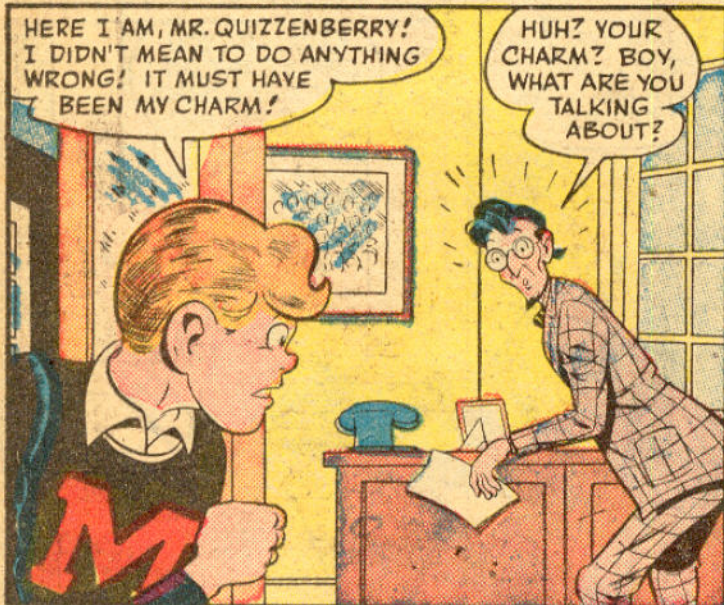
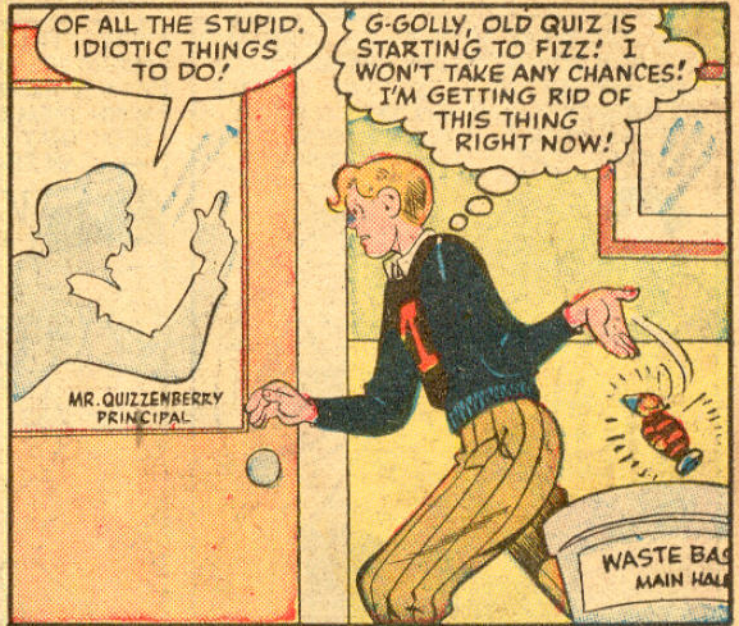
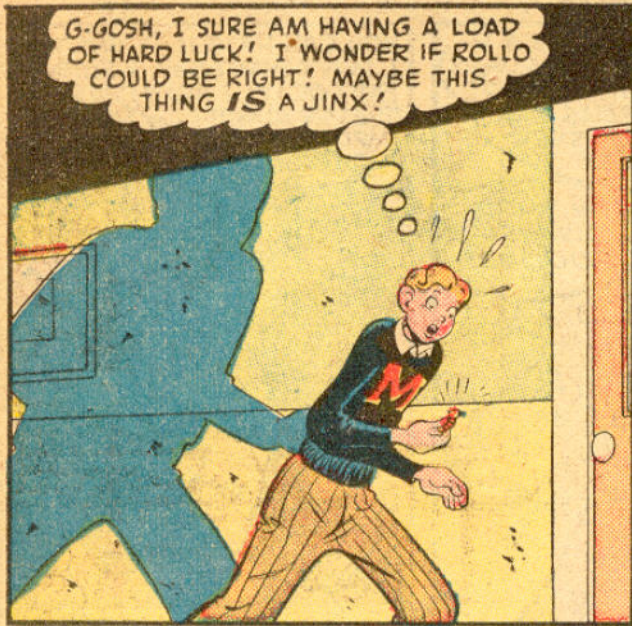
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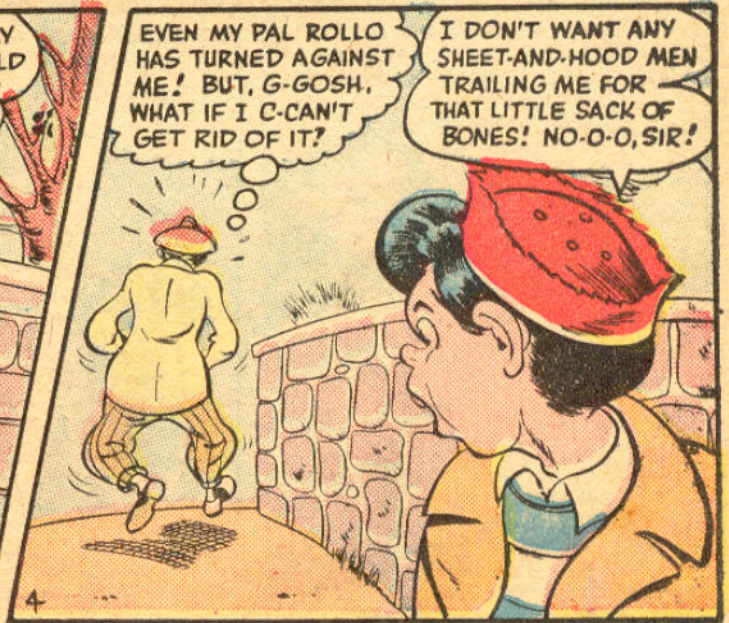
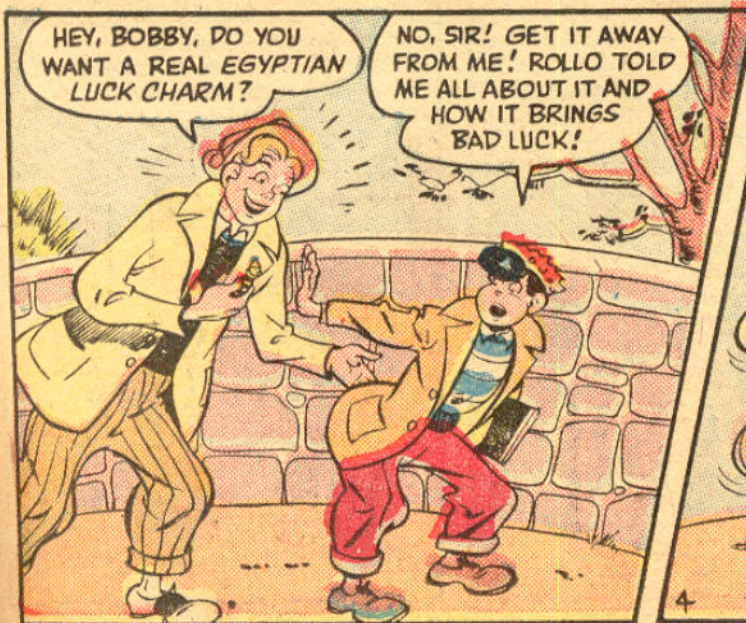
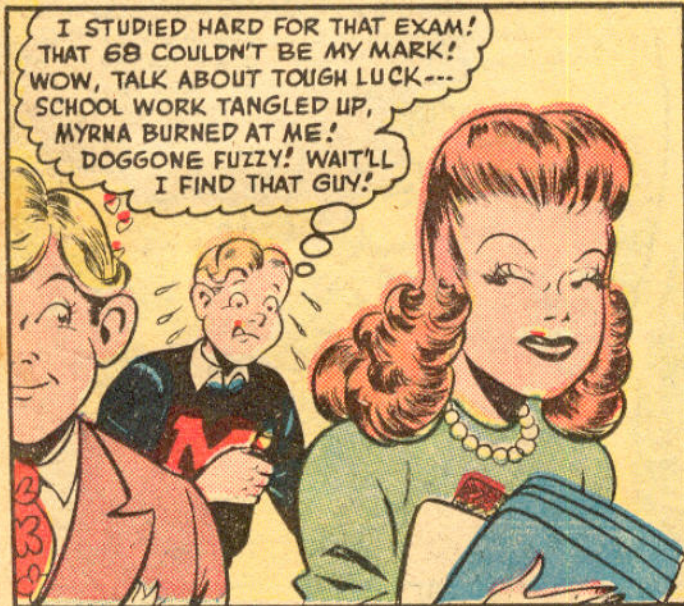
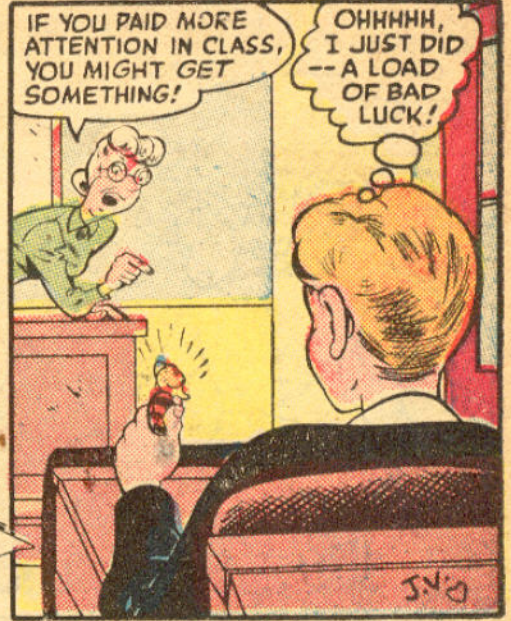




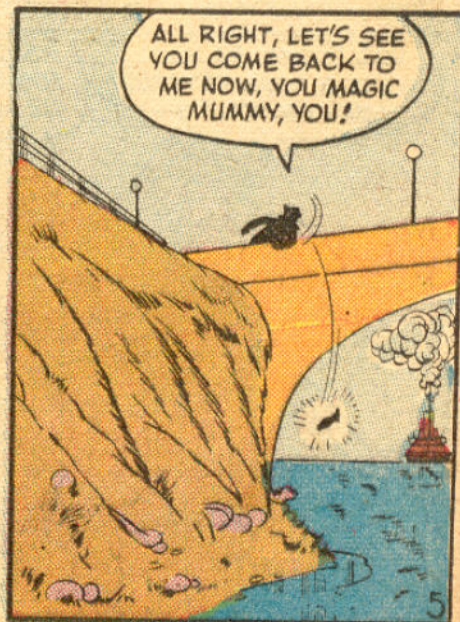
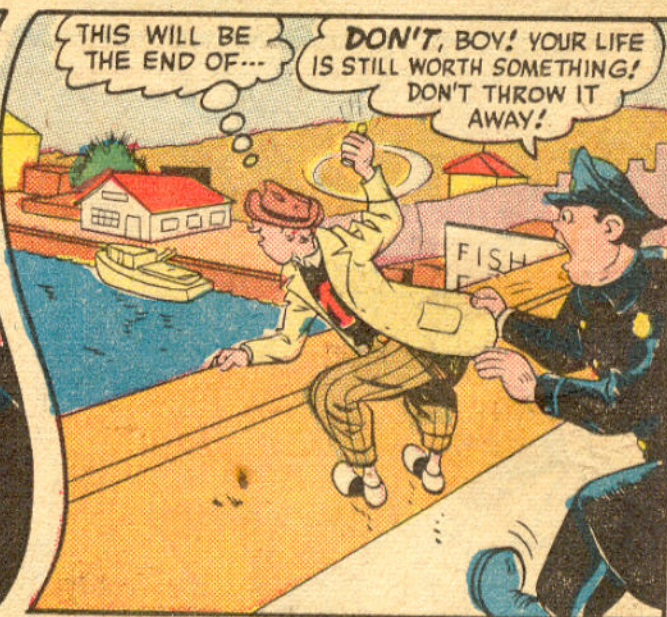
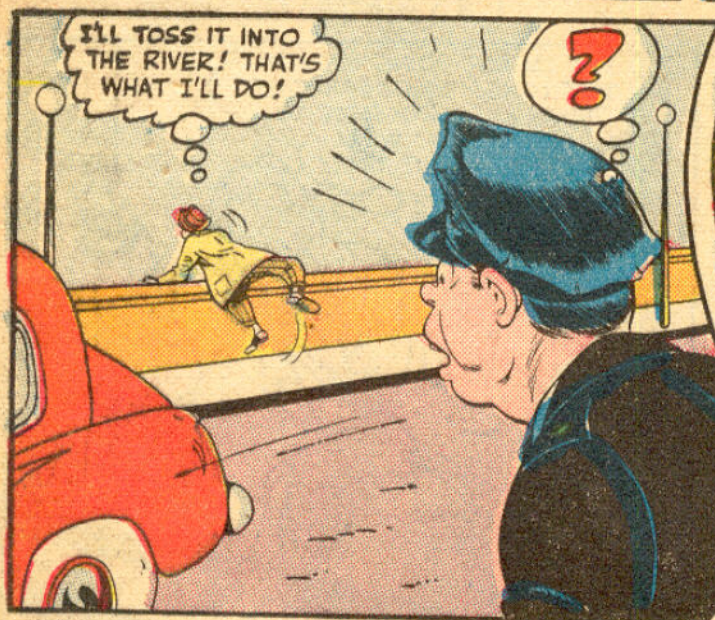
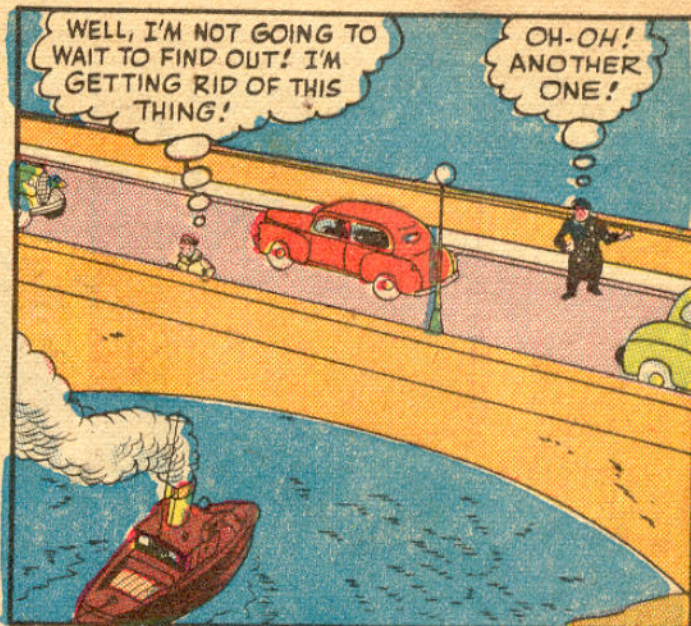
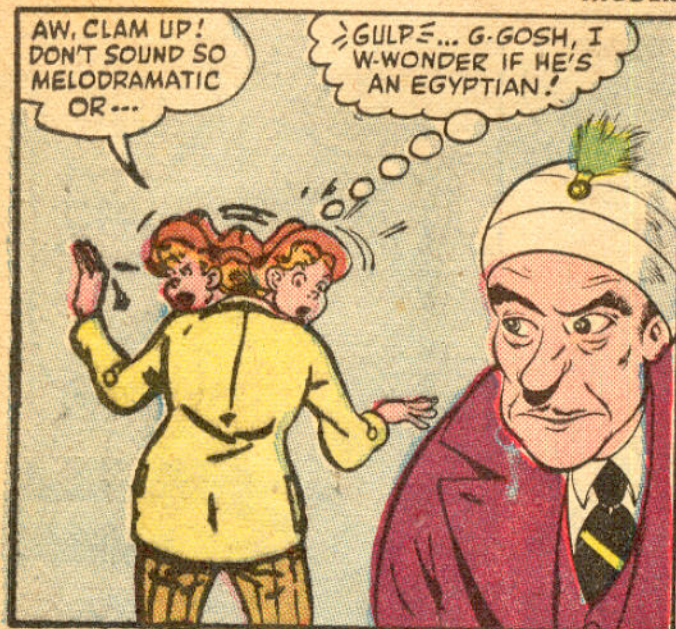




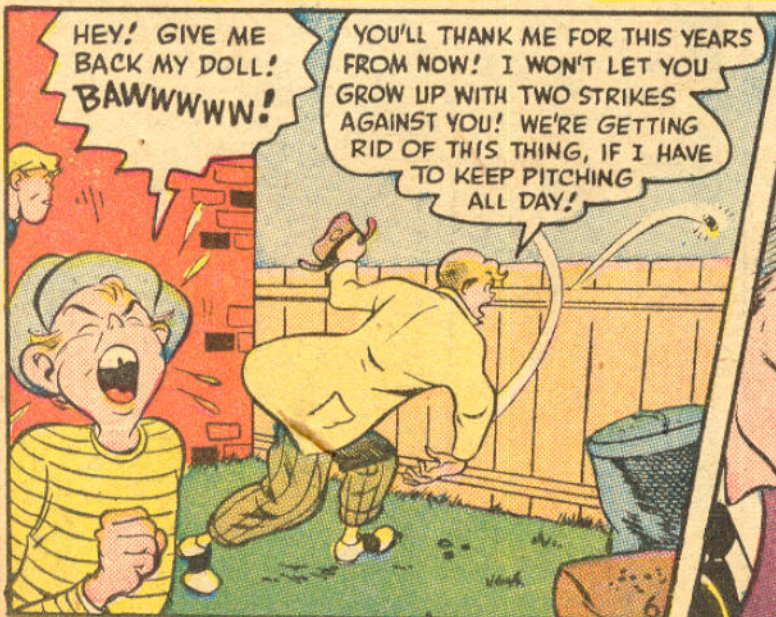
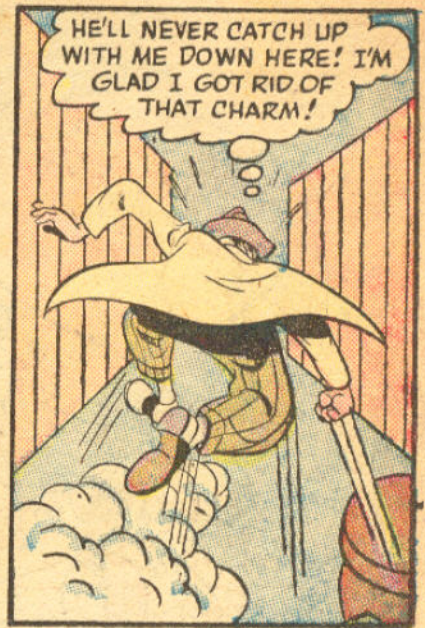




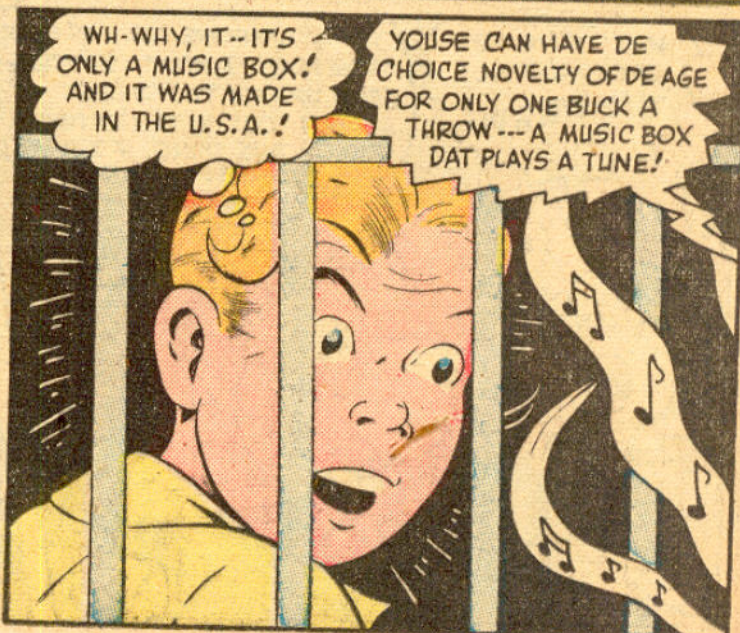
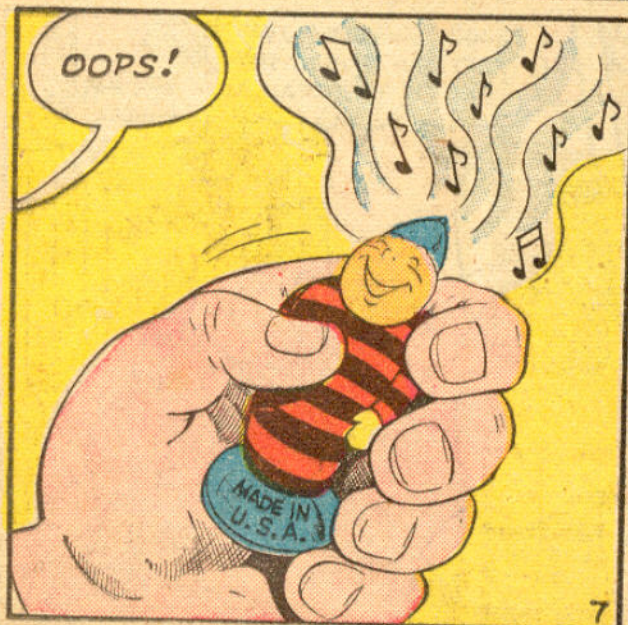
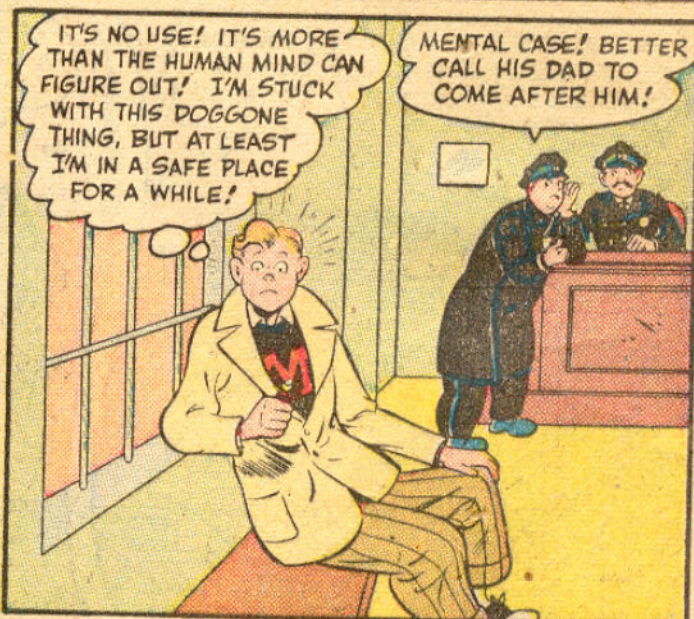
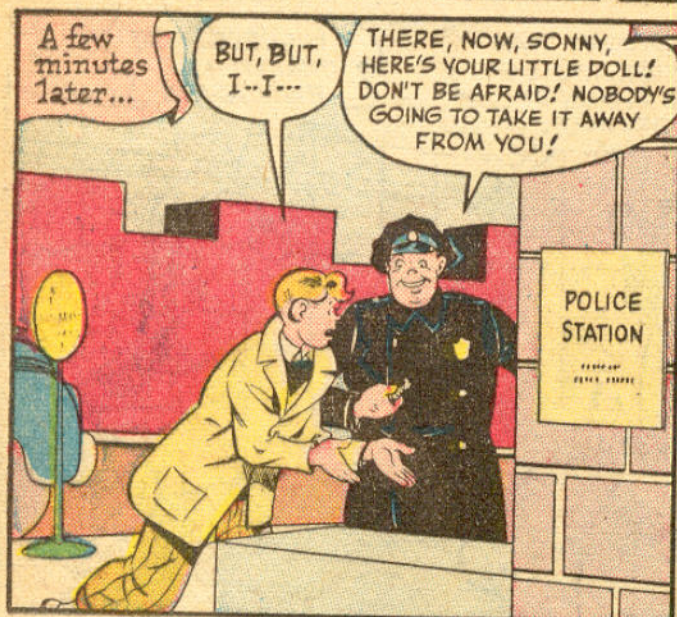
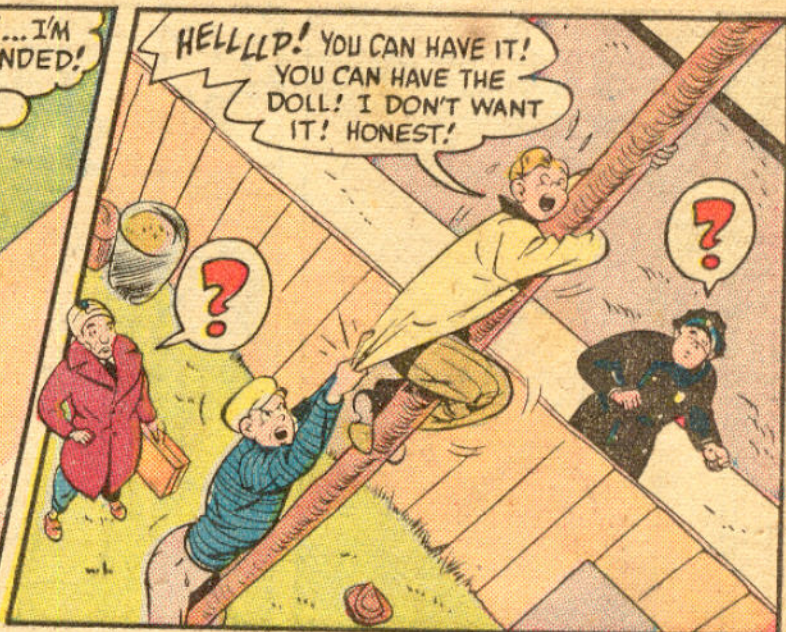
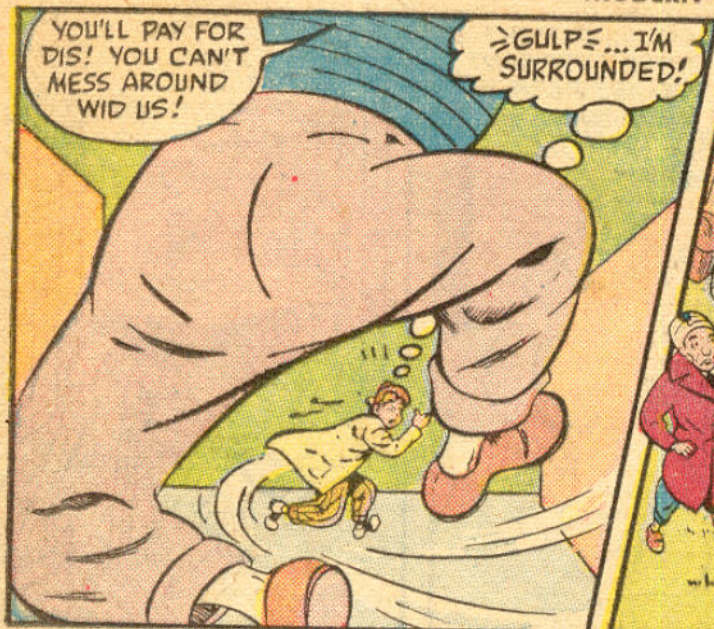




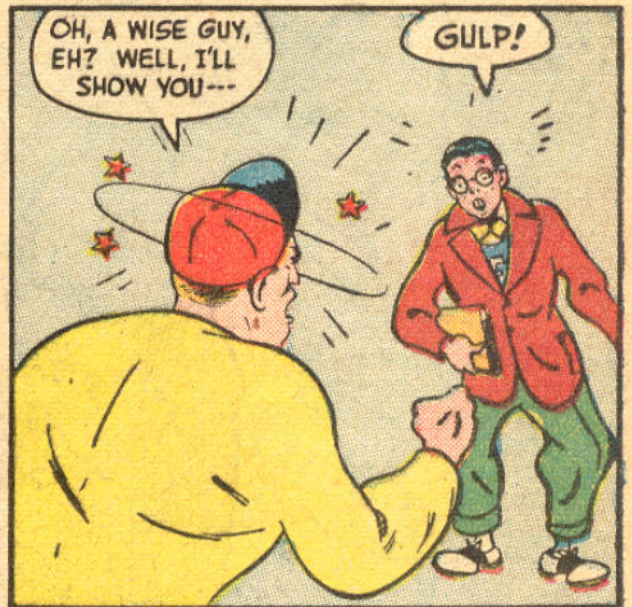
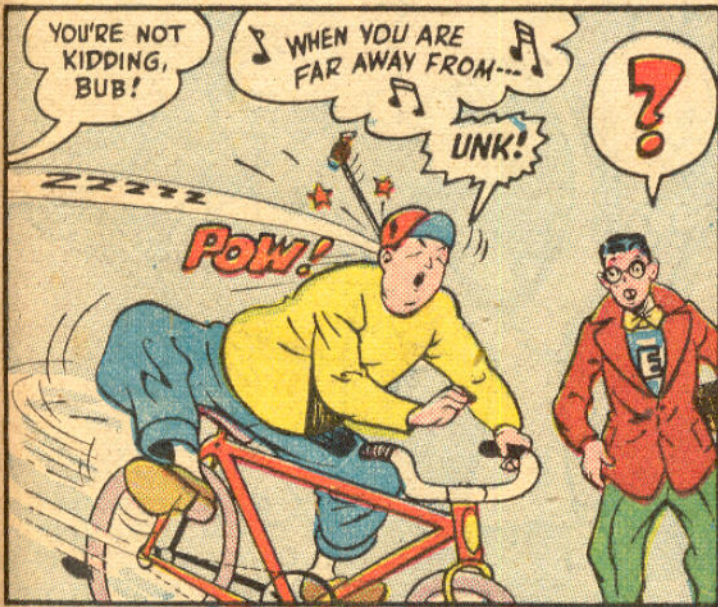
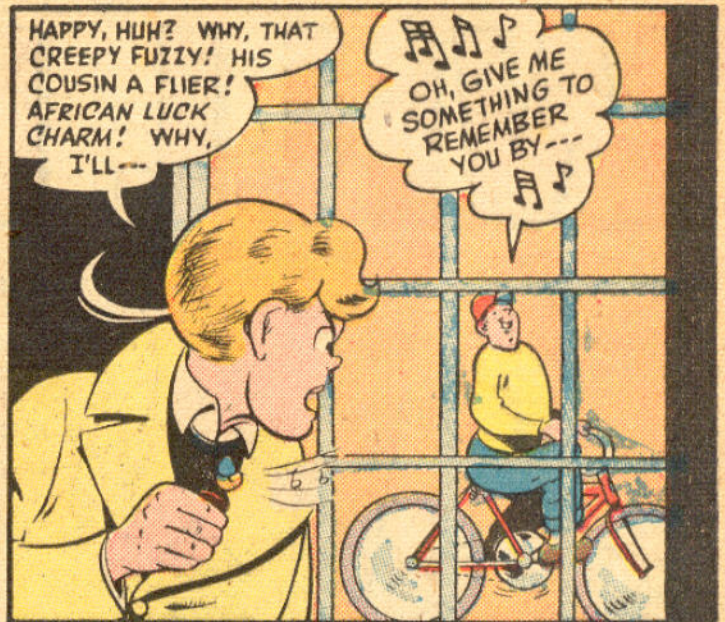








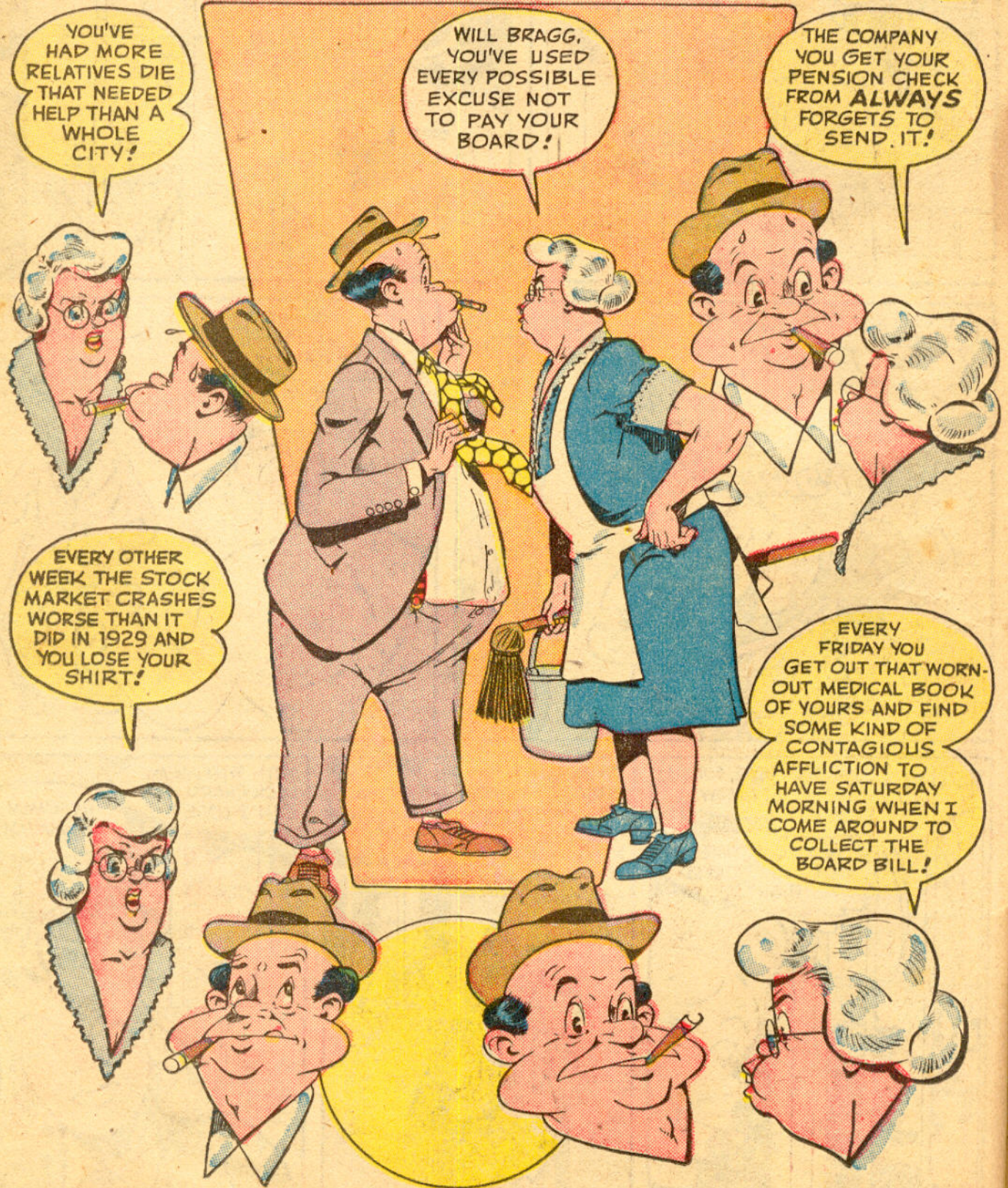






MODERN COMICS

# WILL BRAGG



YOU'VE  
HAD MORE  
RELATIVES DIE  
THAT NEEDED  
HELP THAN A  
WHOLE  
CITY!

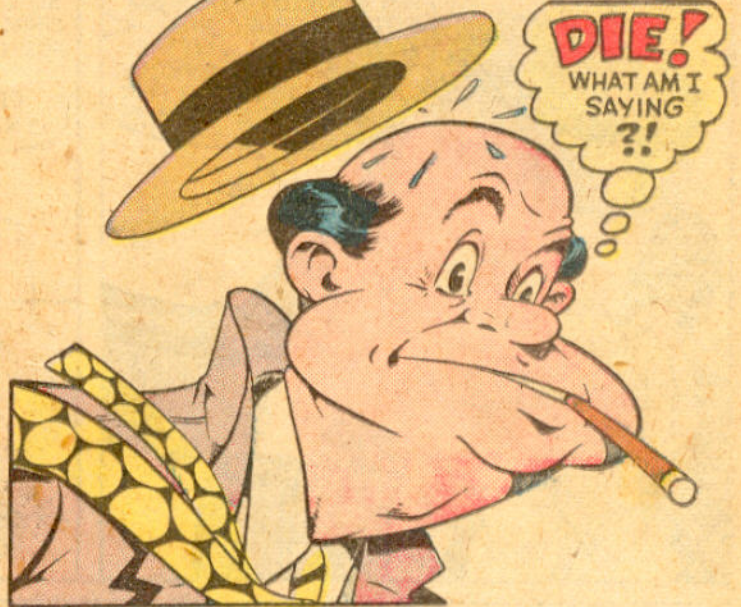
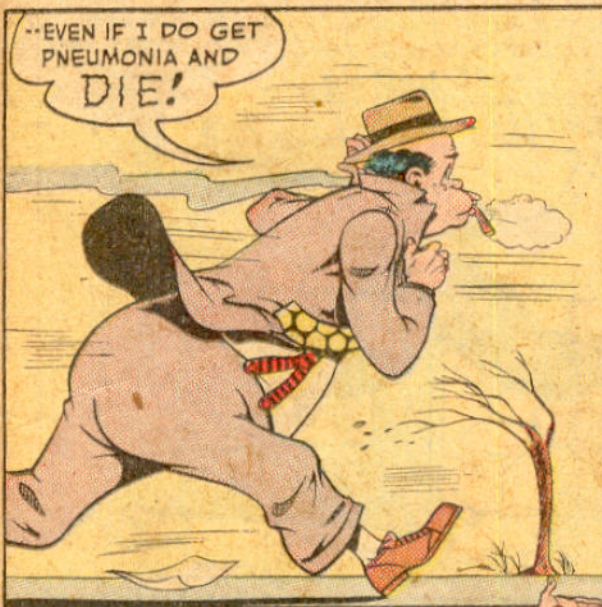
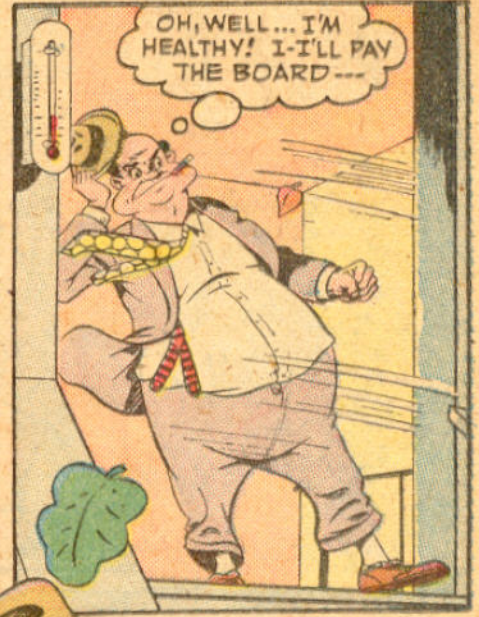
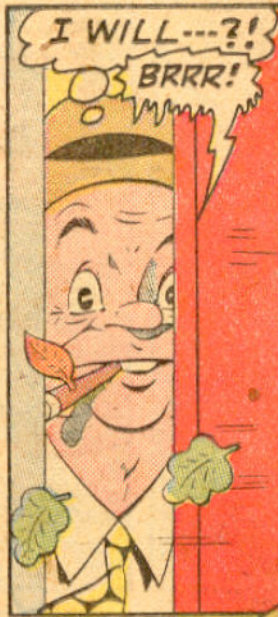
WILL BRAGG,  
YOU'VE USED  
EVERY POSSIBLE  
EXCUSE NOT  
TO PAY YOUR  
BOARD!

THE COMPANY  
YOU GET YOUR  
PENSION CHECK  
FROM **ALWAYS**  
FORGETS TO  
SEND IT!

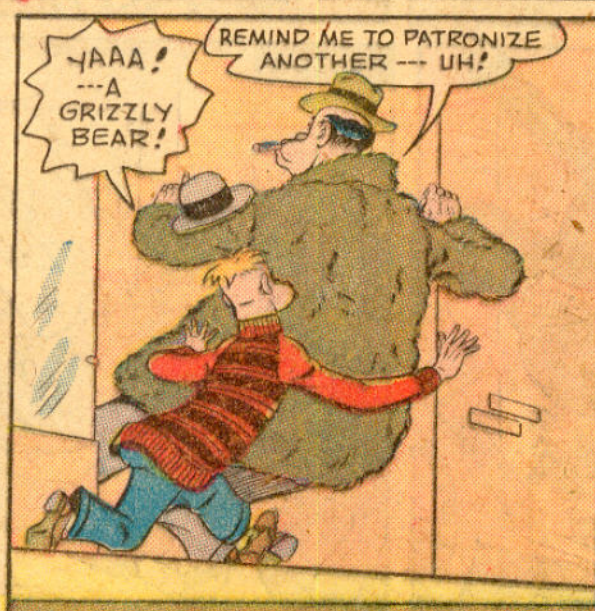
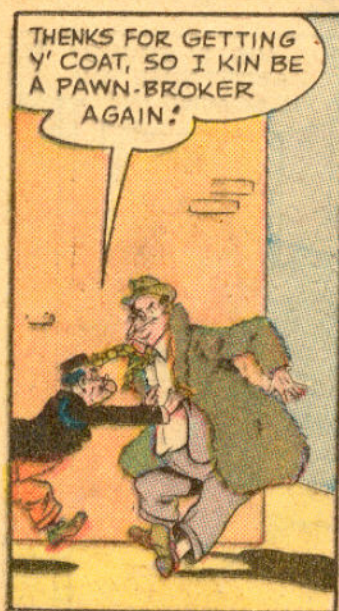
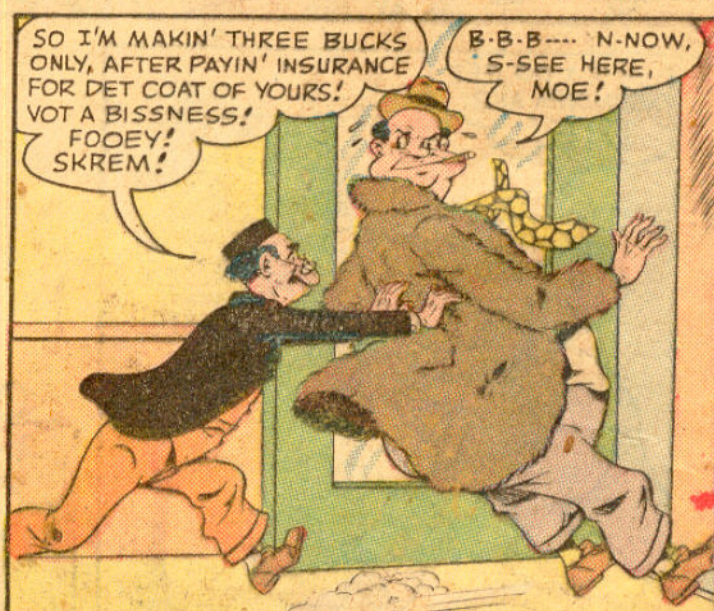
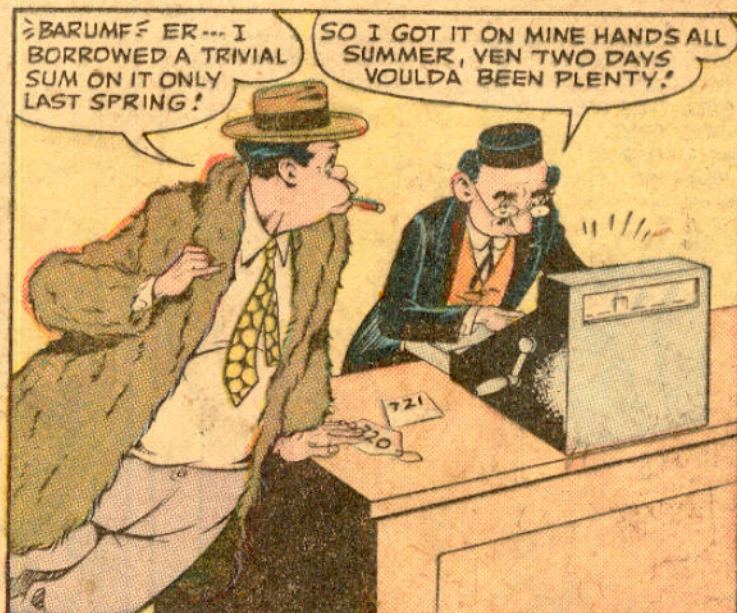
EVERY OTHER  
WEEK THE STOCK  
MARKET CRASHES  
WORSE THAN IT  
DID IN 1929 AND  
YOU LOSE YOUR  
SHIRT!

EVERY  
FRIDAY YOU  
GET OUT THAT WORN-  
OUT MEDICAL BOOK  
OF YOURS AND FIND  
SOME KIND OF  
CONTAGIOUS  
AFFLICTION TO  
HAVE SATURDAY  
MORNING WHEN I  
COME AROUND TO  
COLLECT THE  
BOARD BILL!

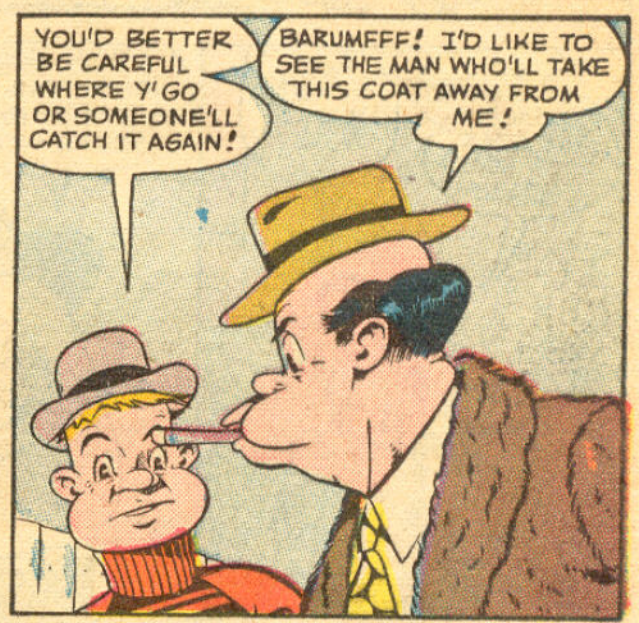
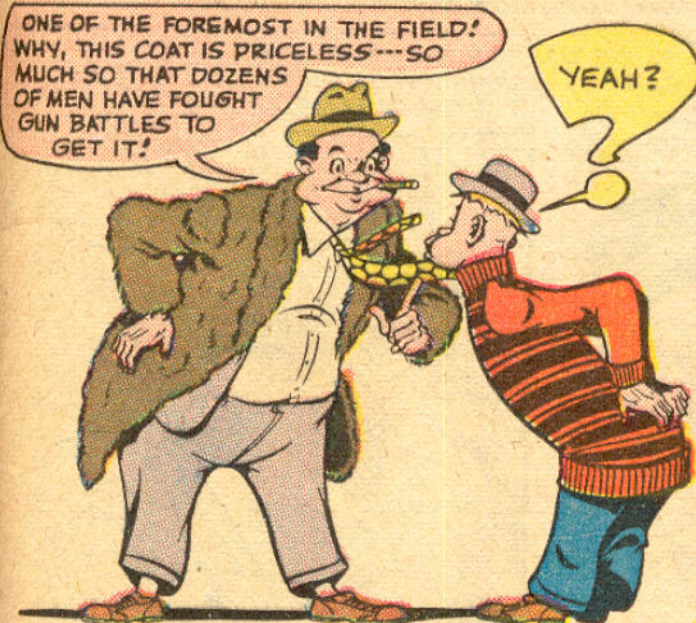
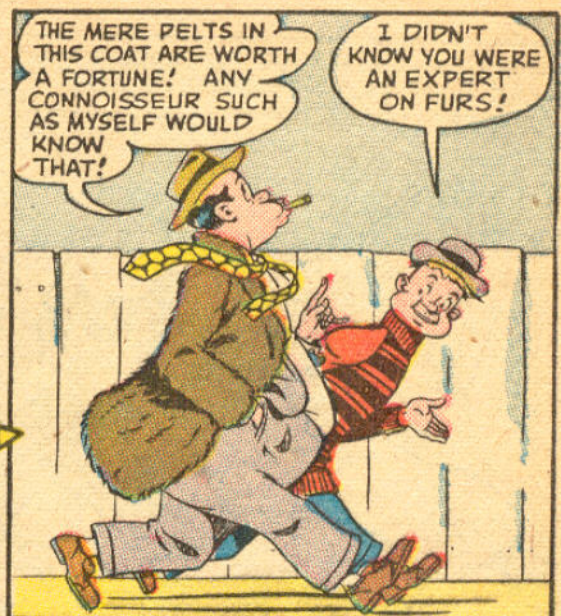




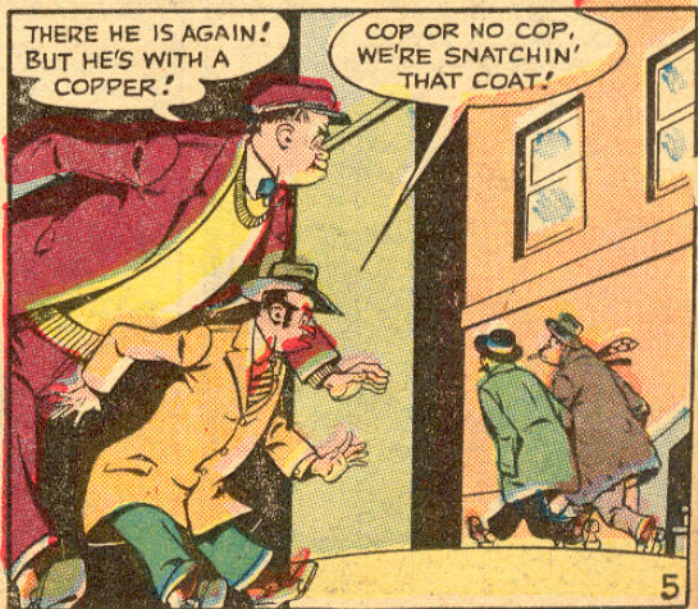
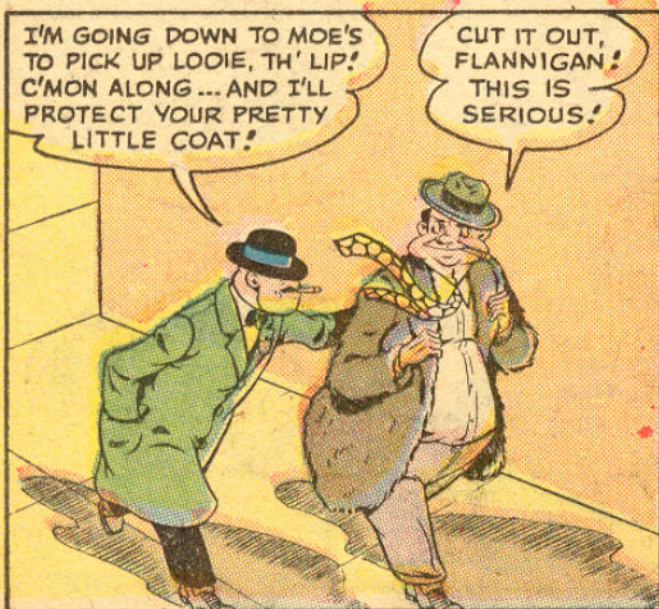
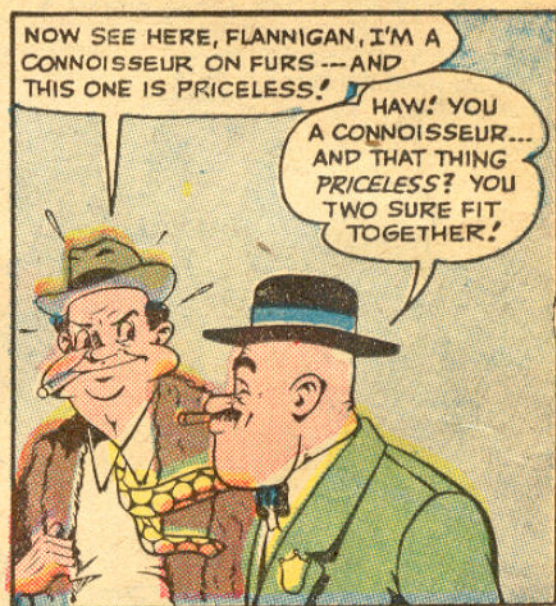
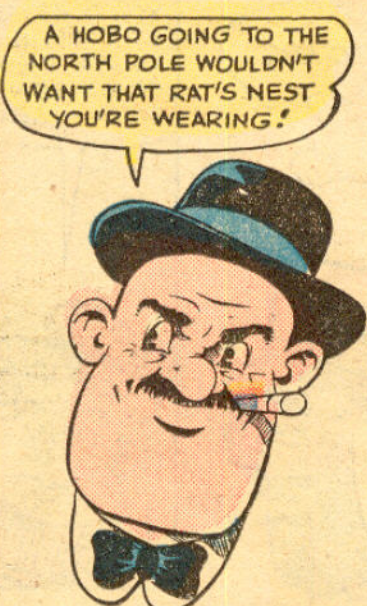
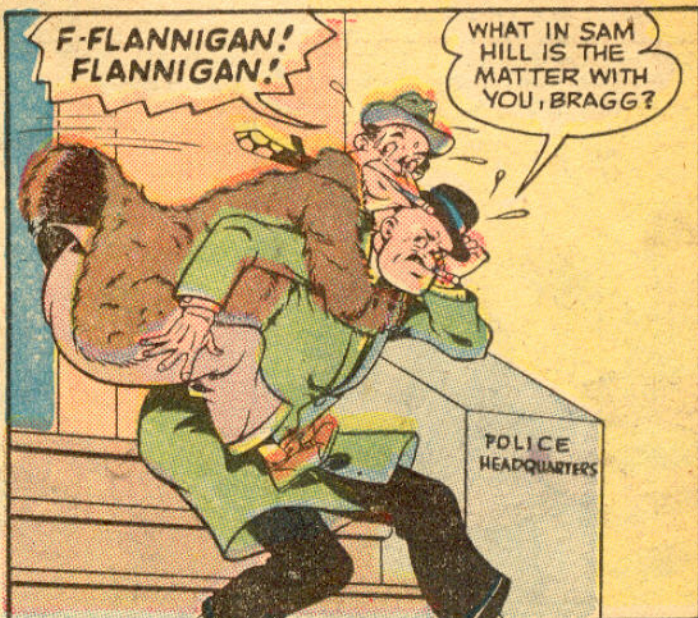
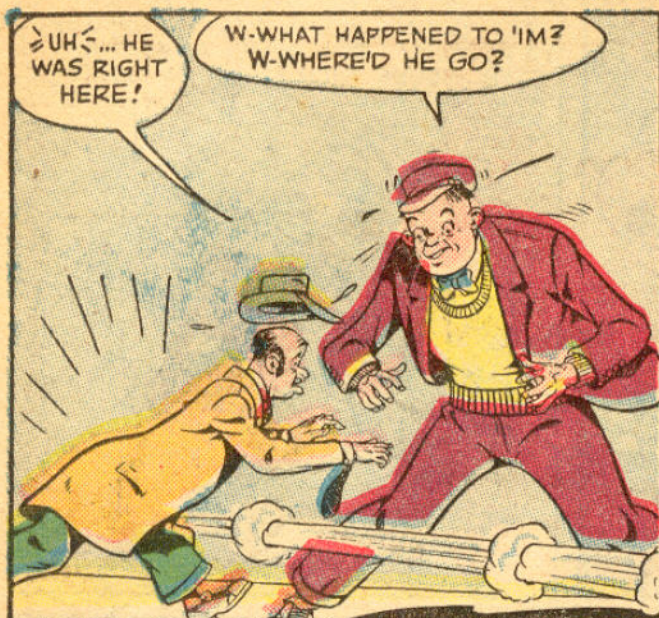




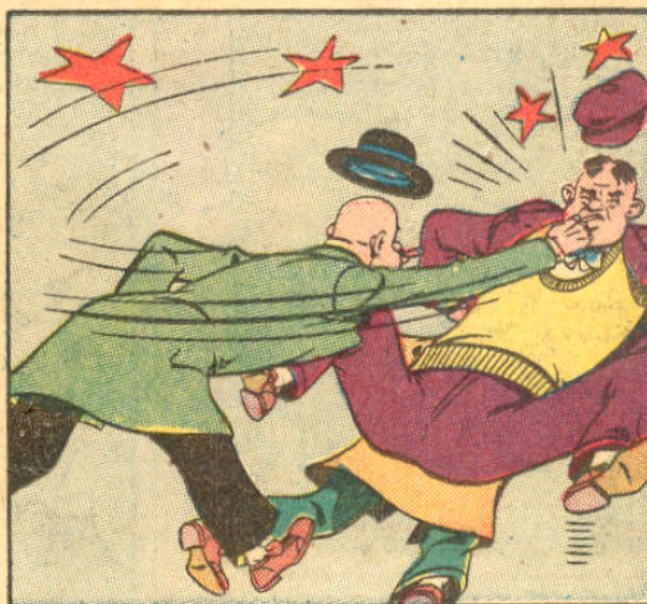
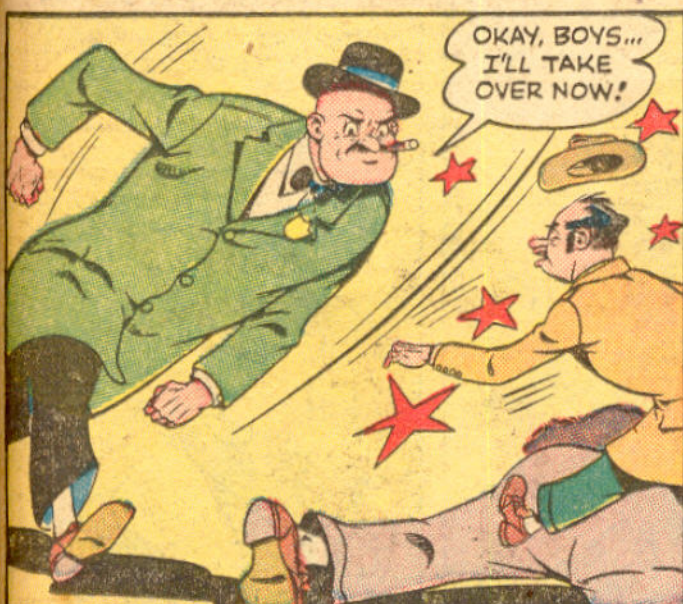
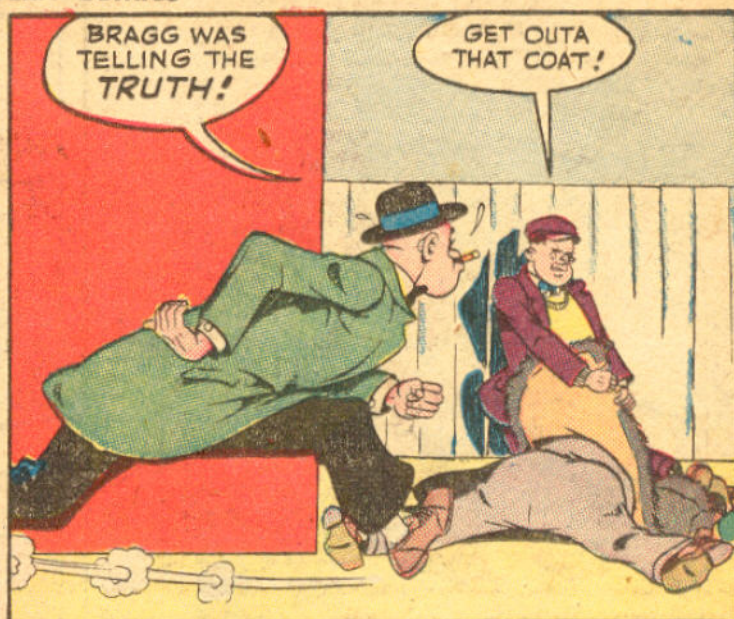
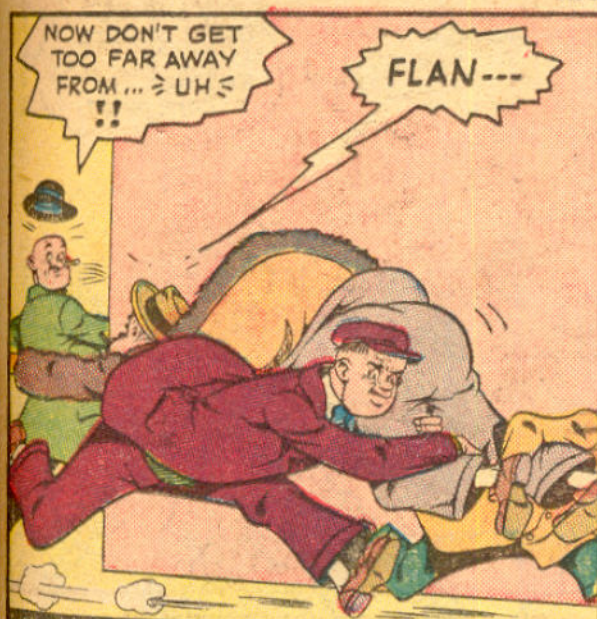






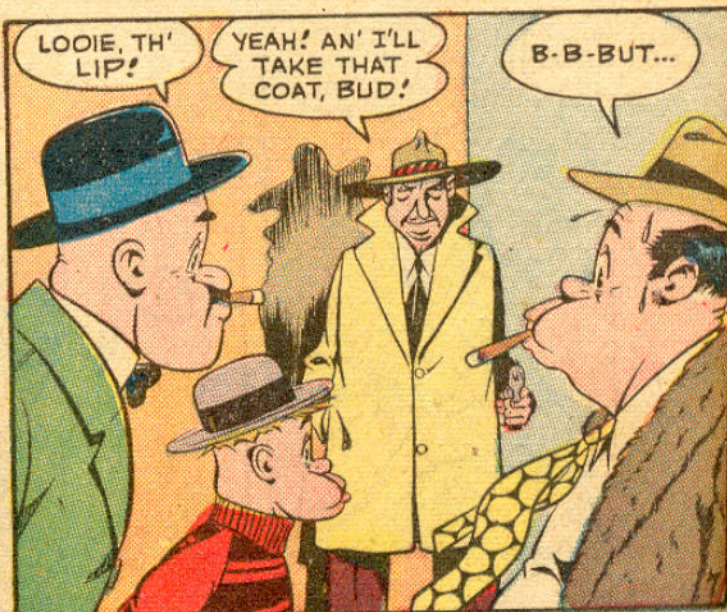
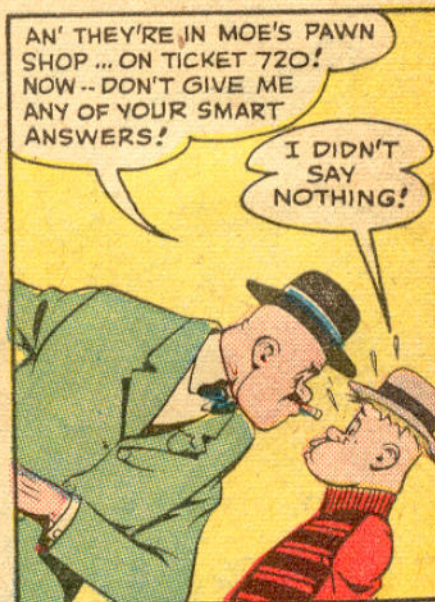
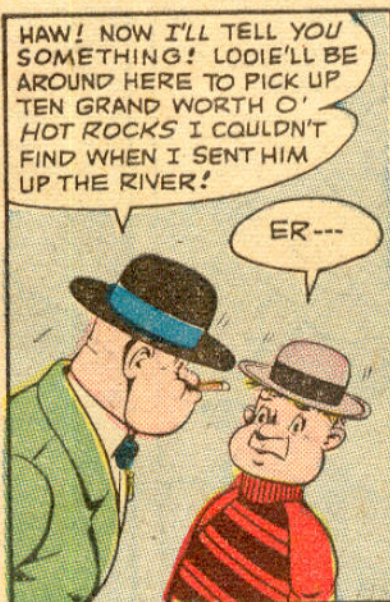
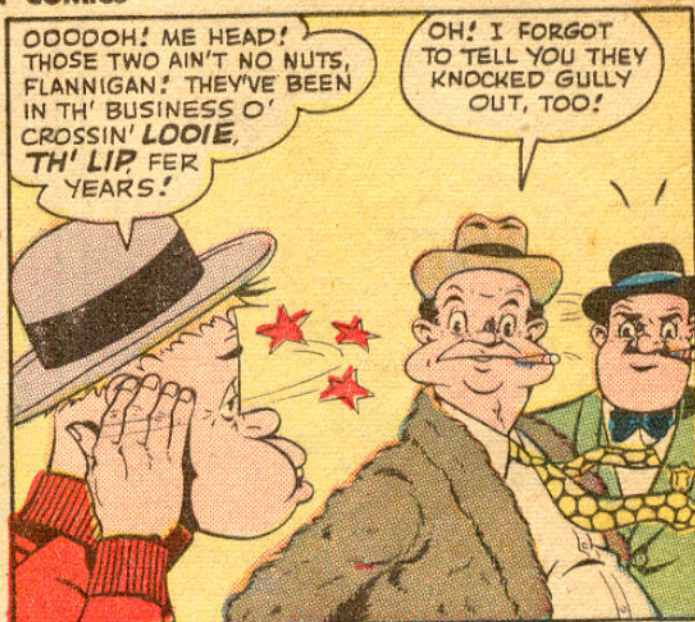
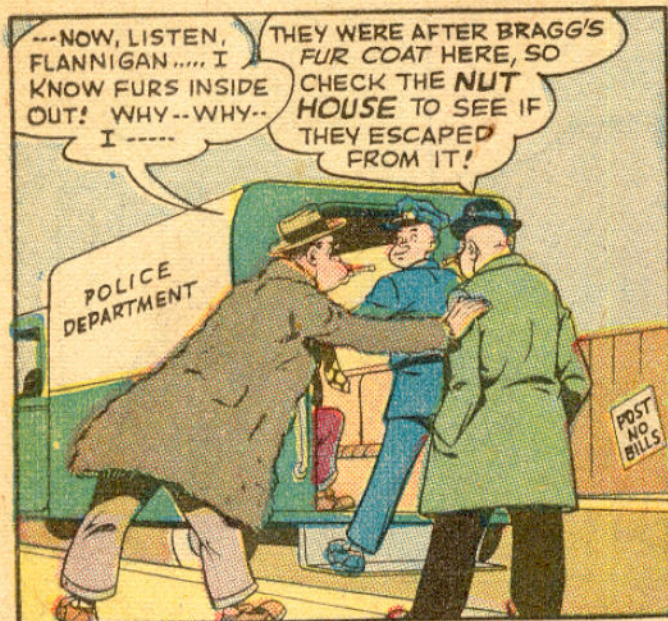




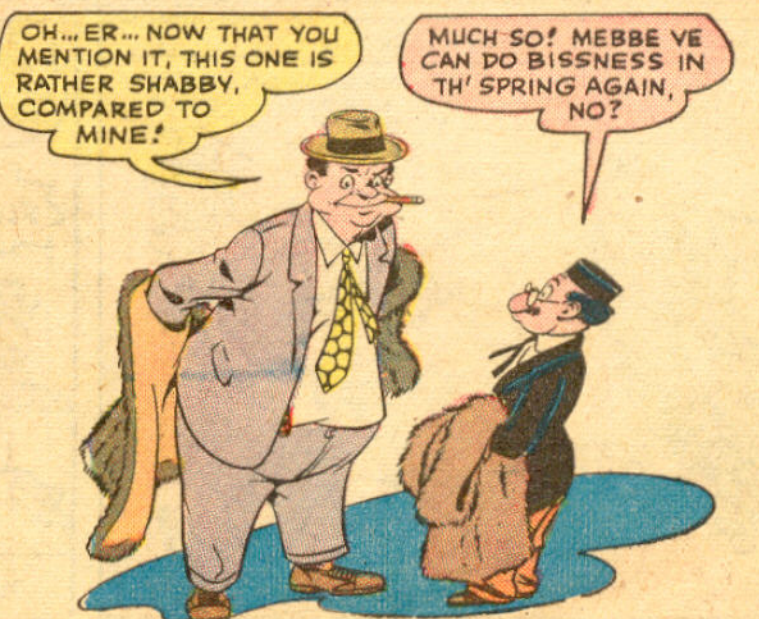
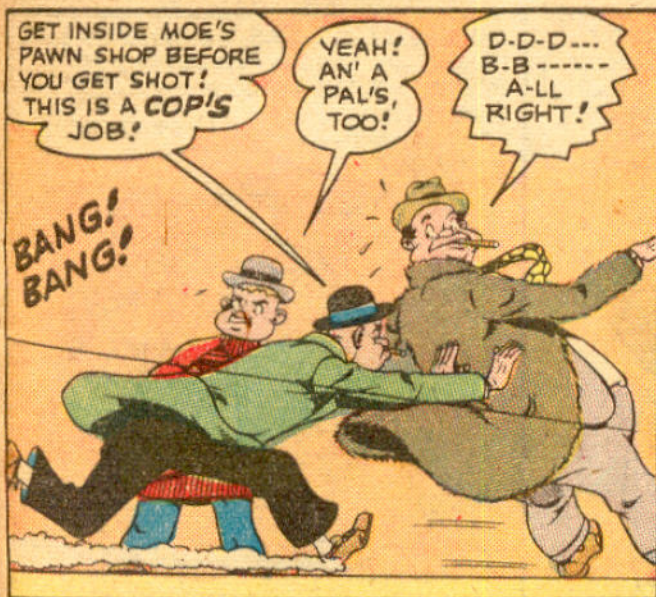
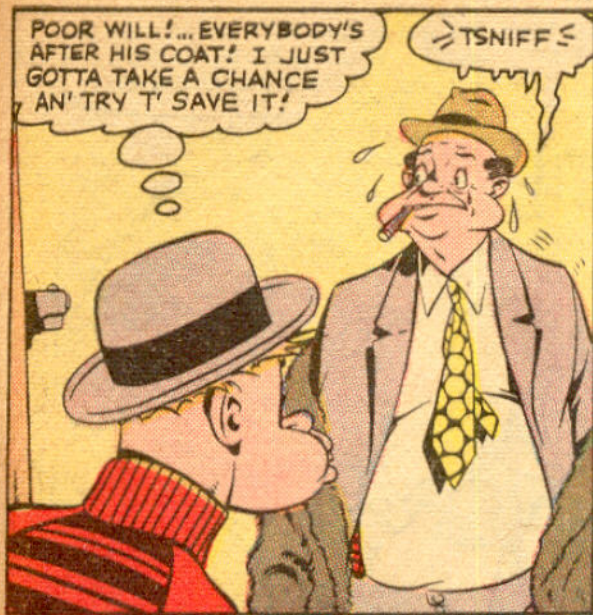




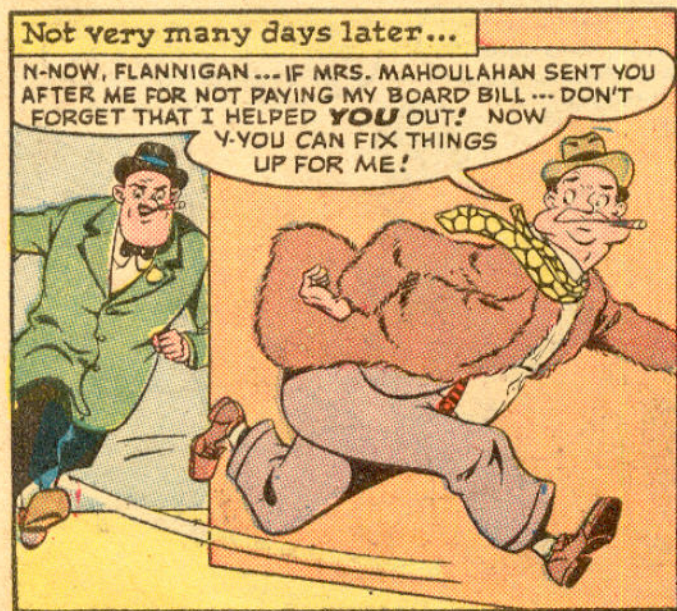
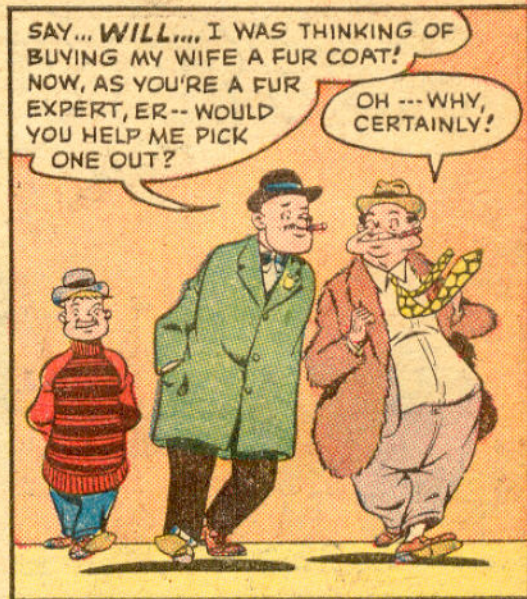
MODERN COMICS



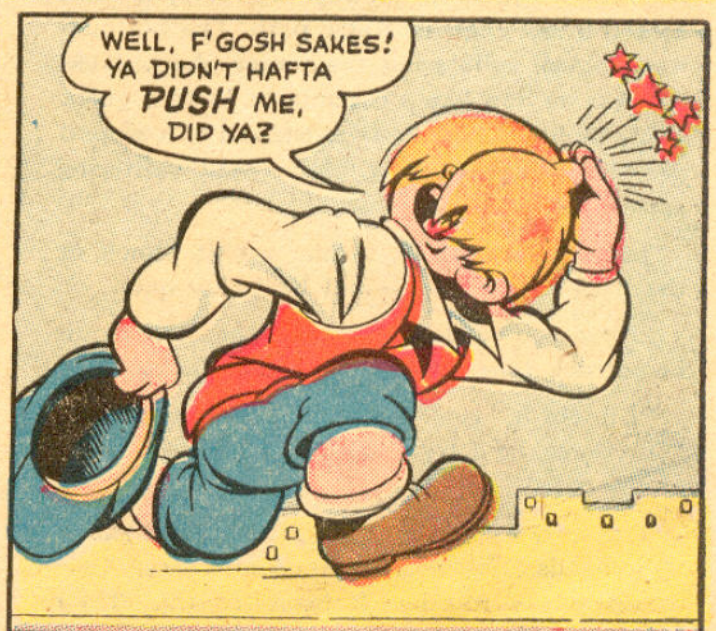
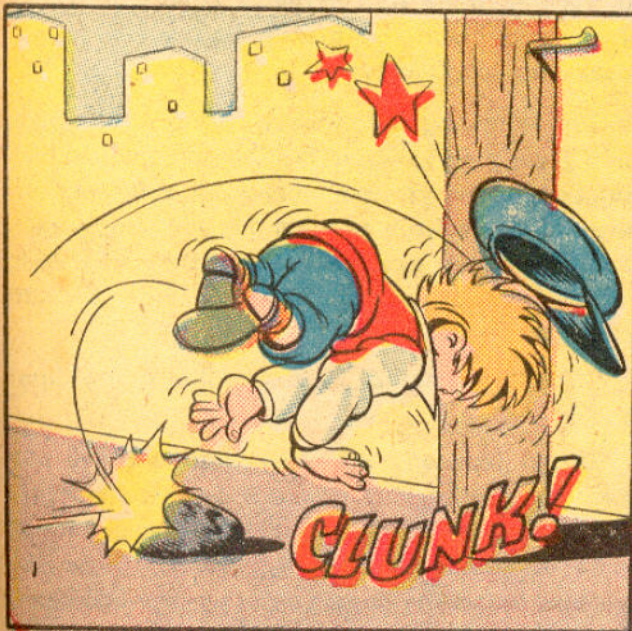
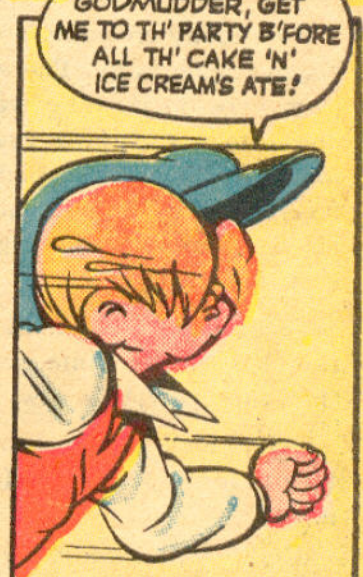
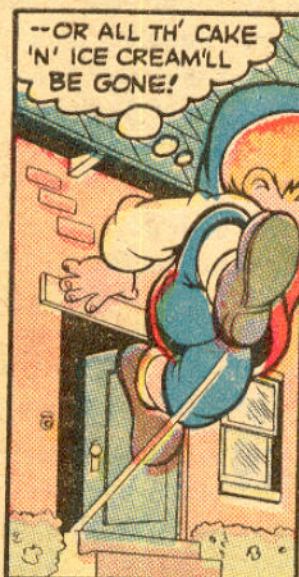
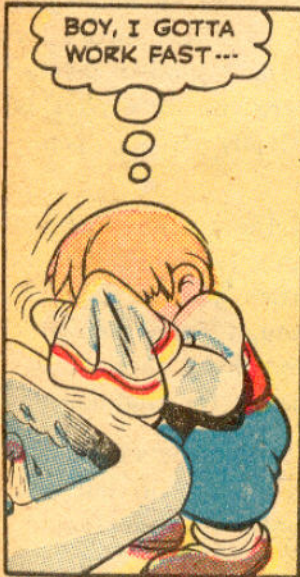
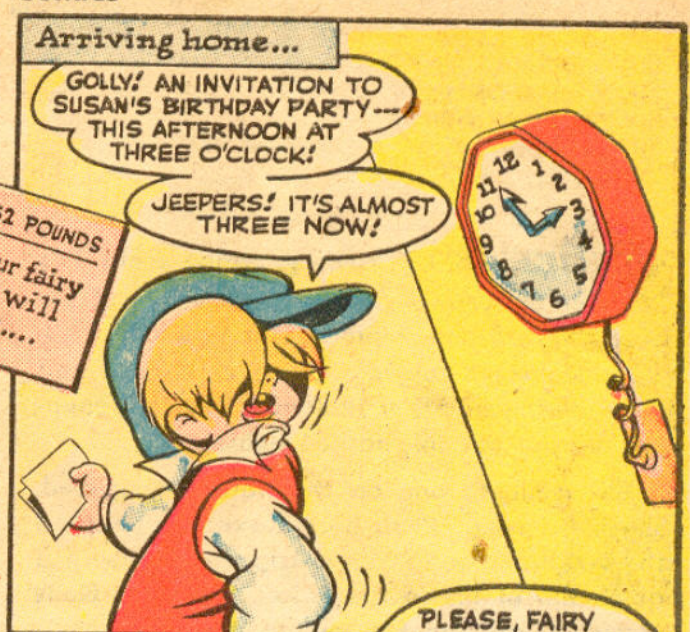
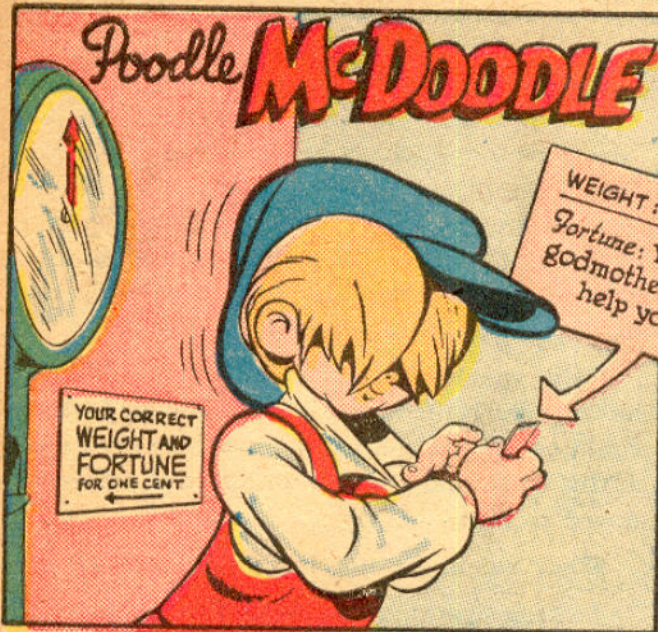














# REVENGE

**S**LUG KELLS, big, roaring, swung again. His huge fist caught Jackson on the side of the head and sent him spinning. But Jackson, smaller, but just as tough, was up in a flash and came boring in. He flailed with fists that snapped in and out like forked lightning.

Kells caught one on the button, staggered, shook his head. Then he bellowed and rushed the smaller man. Jackson tripped him with a quick flip of his foot, whirled, ready, as Kells sprawled into the far wall of the cafe.

Everybody crowding around the fighters now began edging away. There would be knife work from here on in, they were sure. Kells wasn't one to take a tripping, even in the land of free-for-all fighting. He leaped to his feet and went for his knife. Cagily, dancing on the balls of his feet, the big man came in, crouching, knife arm extended.

Jackson backed off, watching his chance. He fumbled at his knife scabbard. Then it was that the spectators saw he was not armed.

"Hey, look out, Jackson!" they called. "Better run for it, Jackie!" "He'll carve you into dog meat!"

Kells circled, watching for an opening; then he rushed. Jackson nimbly side-stepped and kicked a low chair in Kells' path. The big man went down, splintering the flimsy chair. Jackson was on him like a catamount. With a quick grasp he had Kells' knife wrist, and in a second the big man's gleaming blade went skittering across the room.

Jackson gave Kells a final rabbit punch at the back of the neck—and Kells lay quiet.

"Now you've done it!" someone said in an awe-struck tone. "Kells'll kill you, Jackson."

"I doubt it," replied the man, breathing hard. "Of course, he'll try." With that he stalked out of the cafe.

The crowd looked at each other and shook their heads. This was bad business. Yes, Kells would surely murder Jackson for this. They liked Jackson. Quiet, unassuming, he was one

of the best lumbermen in the North. Paid well, gave no one any trouble. Kells had been after his several mills for more than a year.

Kells wielded power in the North. Now it looked like Kells would have his way. Jackson could not fight a combination such as represented by Kells and the few authorities who cowed to him.

What would be the bad man's move?

Jackson operated five lumber mills scattered over a small area in the woods; he employed several hundred men. All of them swore by him. On the other hand, Kells' big mills, several miles east of Jackson's, were run by a pack of rascals for the most part, "Kells' Killers," someone had called them.

On Saturday nights in the little village, it was common for Kells' and Jackson's men to tangle in rough-house battles, just for the fun of it. It was about even, though Kells' men were not above using the worst fight tactics, nor were some of Jackson's jacks for that matter.

On the Saturday night the fight between Kells and Jackson came off, a heavy rain fell, and lumbering was slowed down to the stopping point for three days. Kells had plenty of time to recoup, if he had actually been injured by Jackson, who it was known had a few jujitsu tricks up his sleeve.

The following Wednesday, Monte Clune, high in a great pine which he was topping, yelled and pitched to the ground more than 100 feet. For a moment Jackson thought he had simply fallen, but closer examination of the dead man showed a small round hole just under his left shoulder blade.

"Shot!" muttered Jackson. "Kells, the dirty rat!"

When Jackson's donkey engine at No. 4 mill exploded, killing the engineer and two sawyers, Jackson again thought it was negligence on the part of someone. Then one of his other engineers found the copper steam gauge line hammered flat.



"So someone tampered with the line, so the gauge wouldn't show the pressure," growled Jackson. "And I know who!"

Jackson was on the point of going to see Slug Kells when the phone in his little cubby office rang. The No. 1 mill boss reported that the entire mill was on fire, and water did no good to put out the blaze.

"Acts like gasoline," said the boss. "We're wiped out, Jackson."

Two days later Mill No. 5 went up in smoke.

Jackson swore furiously under his breath. Kells really had gone all-out to get him! Well, he, Jackson, had a trick or two yet!

The fire at Mill 3 started a holocaust in the woods that raged for three days, burning a lot of Jackson's valuable pine stand.

All the fires had got out of hand almost as soon as they were discovered, which proved beyond a doubt that Kells was using gasoline. Water only spread the flames.

But how was Jackson to catch the devil in his trick? He staked men out at his other mills, with the warning to shoot to kill if they saw any prowlers.

It was a guard at No. 1 mill who found the clue of how the fires were started. Just before dawn on a misty morning, he saw a streak of fire racing toward the mill sheds where lumber was stacked in high piles, curing. No sooner had the racing red streak dashed into the sheds than the whole place burst into a roaring inferno.

"My gosh!" said the guard as he hurried to the phone in the little office. "Rabbits! Kells is soaking rabbits in gas and turnin' 'em loose—but how is he soakin' the lumber with gas?"

Jackson was beside himself, but there was nothing he could do. He wired the insurance people in Seattle and several investigators arrived by plane a couple of days later.

They too were halted by the blank wall of no evidence. Of course, the rabbit story sounded likely; it had been done before. A dirty, cruel way to avenge a wrong by killing innocent animals. One of them found the method of soaking the lumber with gasoline. In the debris of one of the mills he uncovered a long length of copper tubing stretched through one of the wreck-

ed sheds. It was drilled with tiny holes and acted as a spray.

Still, there was nothing to pin the blame on.

Jackson now had only one mill. But he had suffered no loss; he was insured. Something that Kells wasn't. Kells hooted at the idea of insurance. He could look out after his own interests, said he.

Now, if a fire swept Kells' holdings. No. Jackson banished the thought. He wasn't of that stripe. It would serve Kells right, but neither Jackson nor his men would resort to such tricks.

Two months after the disastrous fires in Jackson's mills, which had thrown hundreds of men out of work, Jackson and a group of his men were gathered in the cafe where the fight had come off.

It was a bad night, with a howling storm lashing at the windows, and thunder and lightning making a great fuss.

Most of the men were playing checkers and pinochle and the cafe was comparatively quiet, when Kells strode in, glaring evilly around. When he saw Jackson he grinned sarcastically and turned his back.

Jackson ground his teeth. It was all he could do to keep still.

Jackson was still eyeing the big man when one of Kells' underlings rushed into the room yelling, "Fire! The Mill's burning, Boss!" he shouted at Kells.

Kells dropped his drink and strode outside.

Everybody else did the same. The night sky was lit up for miles around. Lightning still flashed, but the rain had ceased.

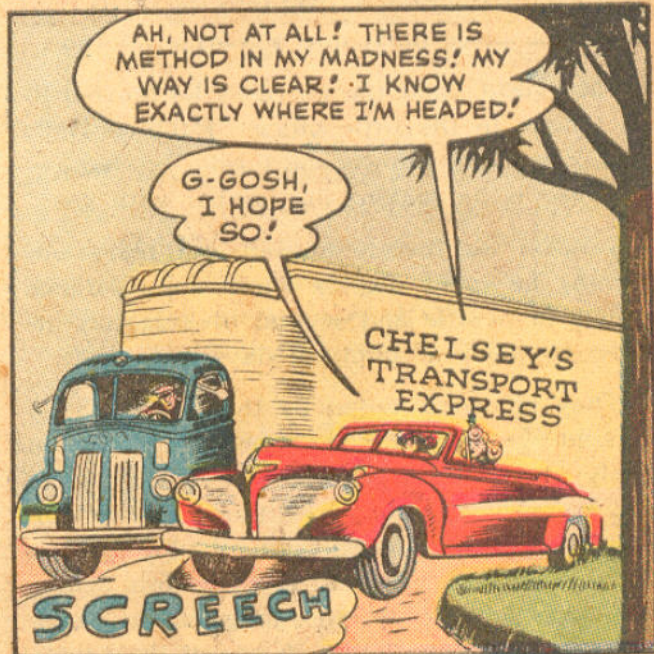
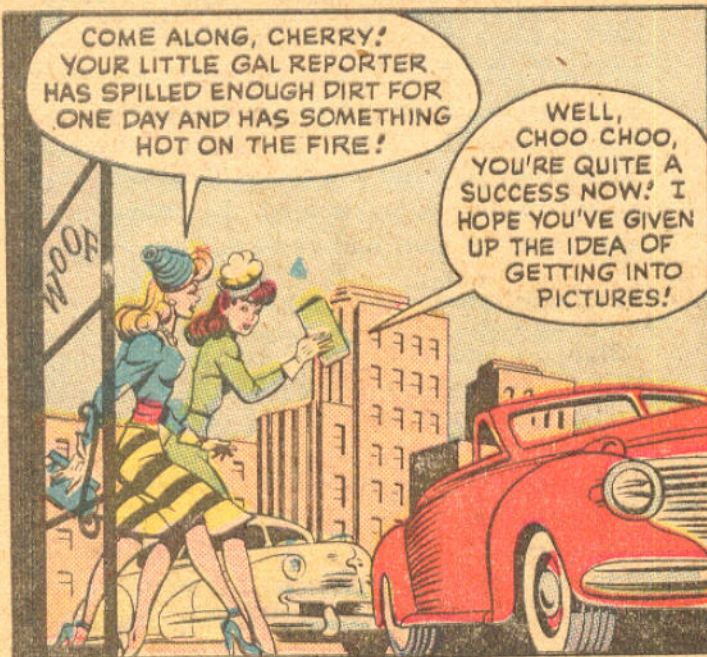
"Lightnin' struck the tank—"

"Shut up, you fool!" Kells knocked the man down. "Come on, you lugs!" He rushed off with his men trailing.

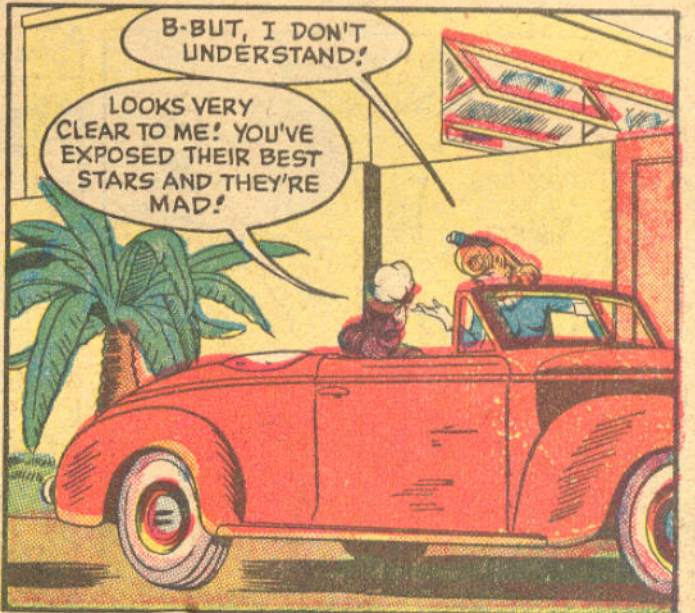
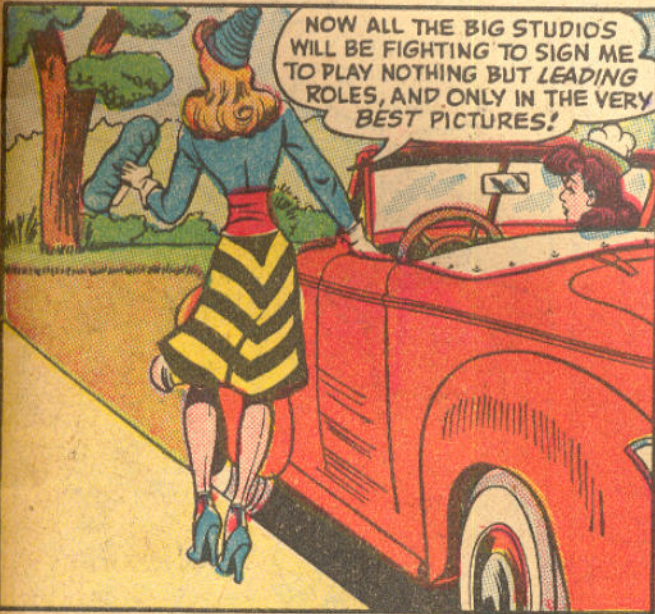
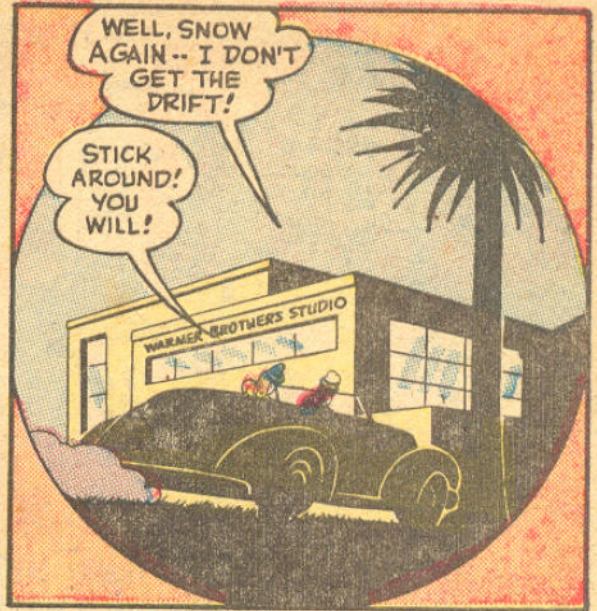
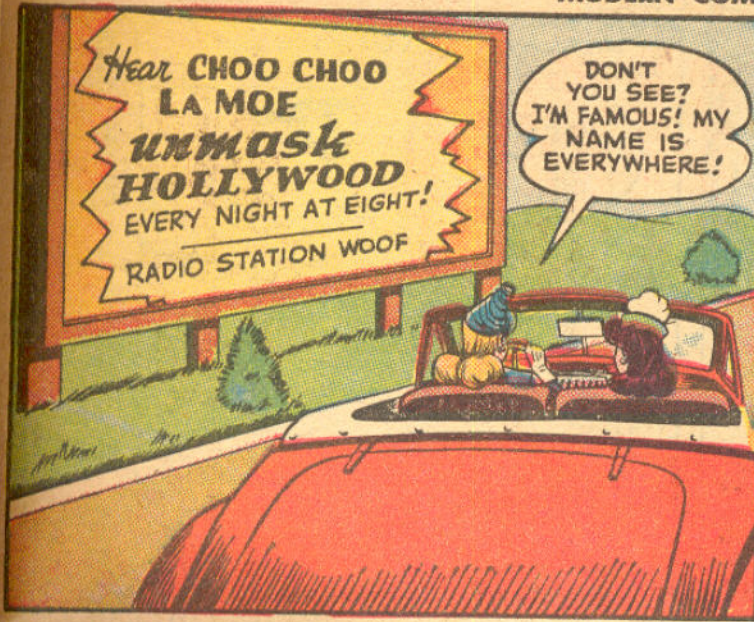
It was useless. Where Kells had thought to burn out an enemy by trickery, he had stuck his own head in the noose. Lightning had struck the huge tank of gasoline at his mill, which had exploded, firing every building instantly. Heaven was the avenger.



# CHOO CHOO

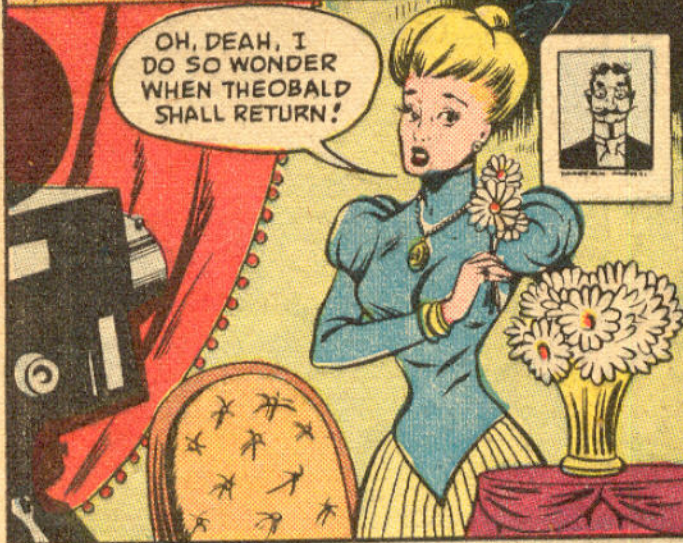






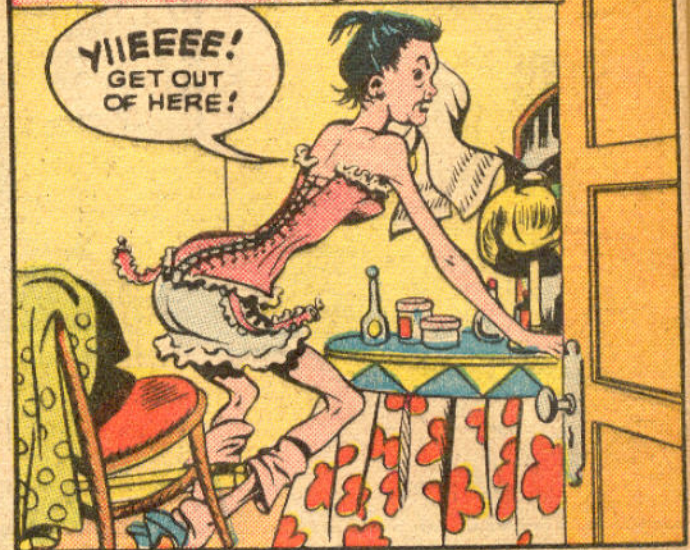


Remember how you told on Wanda Round, the gay young juvenile ---



OH, DEAH, I DO SO WONDER WHEN THEOBALD SHALL RETURN!

---when you proved that she is actually forty-eight years old?



YIEEE! GET OUT OF HERE!

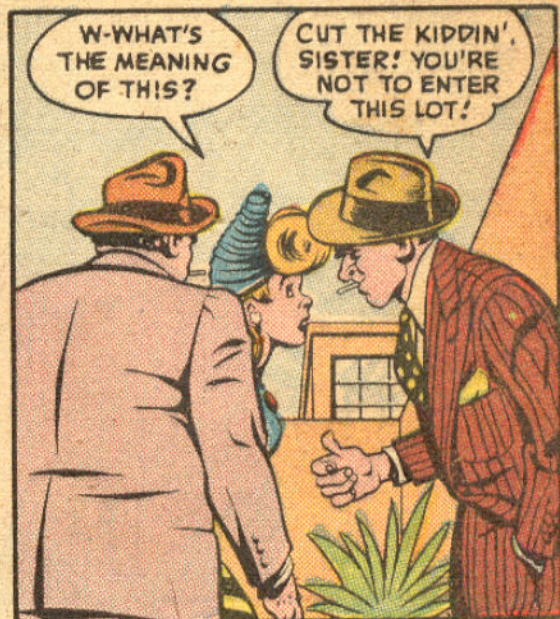


HMPH! WELL, IT WAS THE TRUTH, WASN'T IT? WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO BE MAD ABOUT? I'LL SIMPLY TAKE MY TALENT TO PRARIEMOUSE STUDIOS!



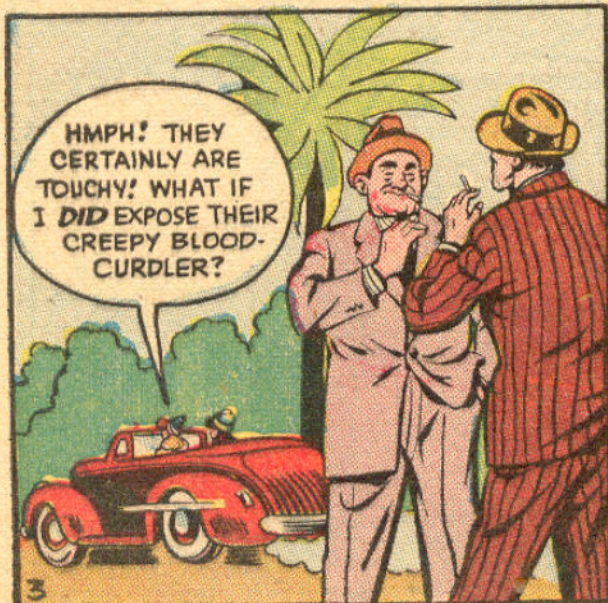
WELL, MAYBE I WON'T WALK INTO SOME TERRIFIC LEAD AT FIRST -- BUT DON'T WORRY --- THEY'LL BE DYING TO PUT ME IN THE SUPPORTING CAST!

HERE SHE COMES, MEN! ON YOUR TOES!

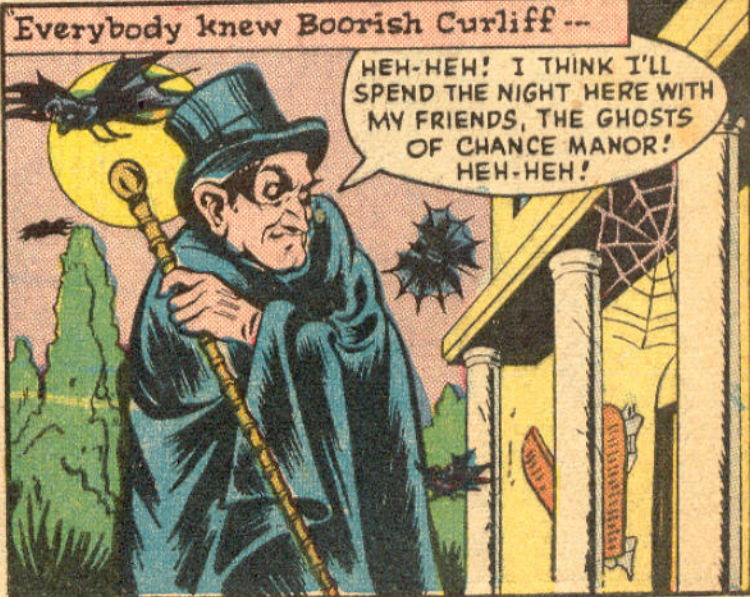


W-WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

CUT THE KIDDIN', SISTER! YOU'RE NOT TO ENTER THIS LOT!



HMPH! THEY CERTAINLY ARE TOUCHY! WHAT IF I DID EXPOSE THEIR CREEPY BLOOD-CURLER?



Everybody knew Boorish Curliff ---

HEH-HEH! I THINK I'LL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE WITH MY FRIENDS, THE GHOSTS OF CHANCE MANOR! HEH-HEH!



But they didn't know that he spent most of his time soaking up sodas...

OH, GOODY, GOODY!  
I'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME  
FOR ANOTHER DOUBLE  
CHOCOLATE FLIP-FLOP  
WITH WHIPPED  
CREAM!



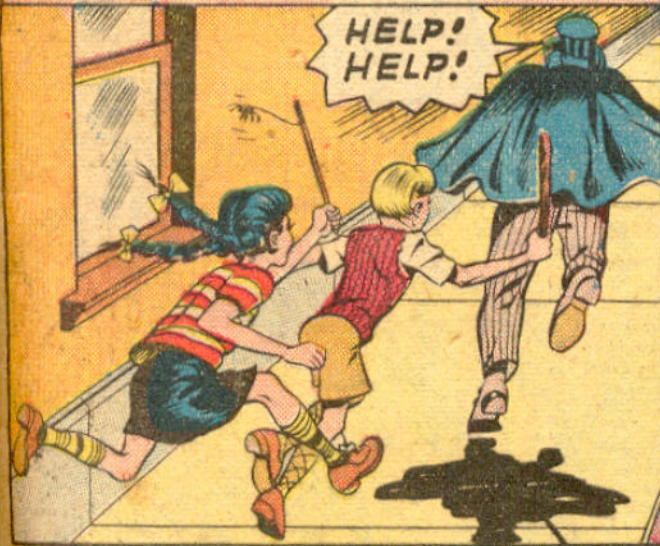
...and wasn't so fond of creepy things...

NNNNYAAA!  
EEEEEEK!  
TAKE IT  
AWAY!



In fact, he was downright afraid of them.!

HELP!  
HELP!



M-MAYBE THAT DID  
HAVE SOMETHING TO DO  
WITH IT! I THINK I'LL  
STOP AND SEE IF  
GOONIVERSAL CAN  
USE ME IN A  
BIT PART!



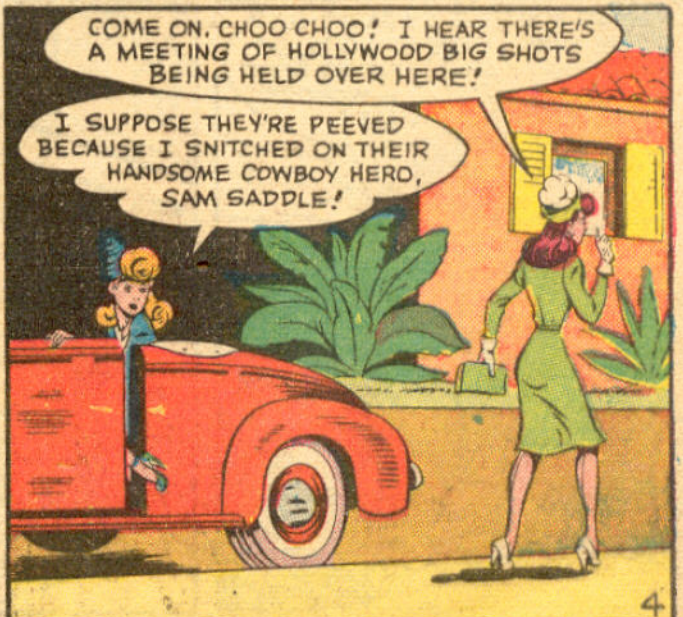
NO?

NO!

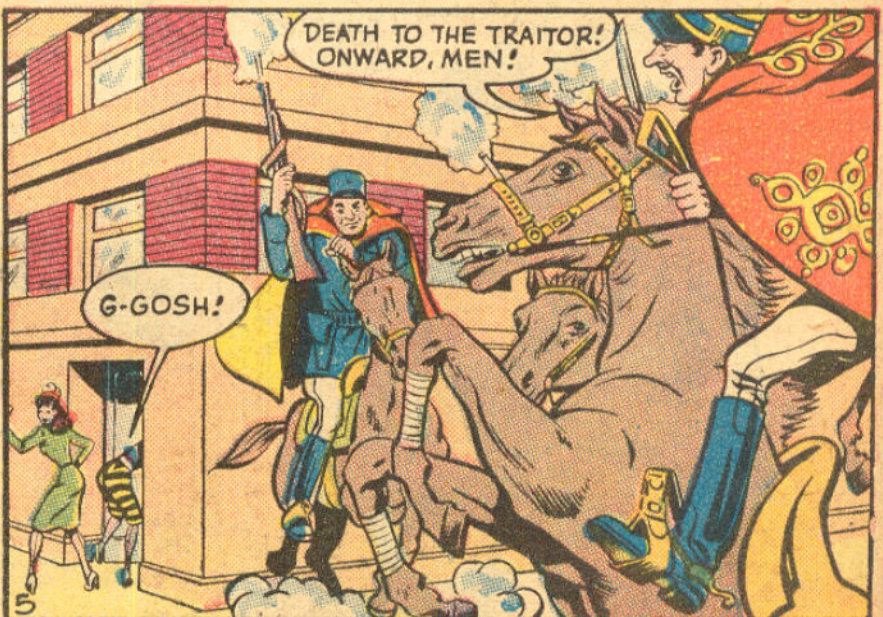
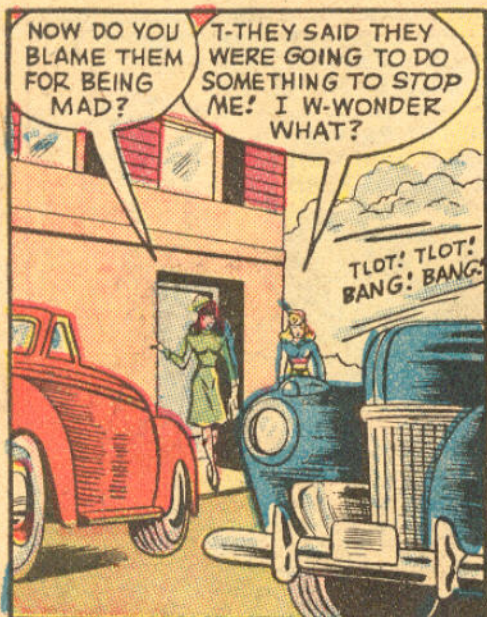
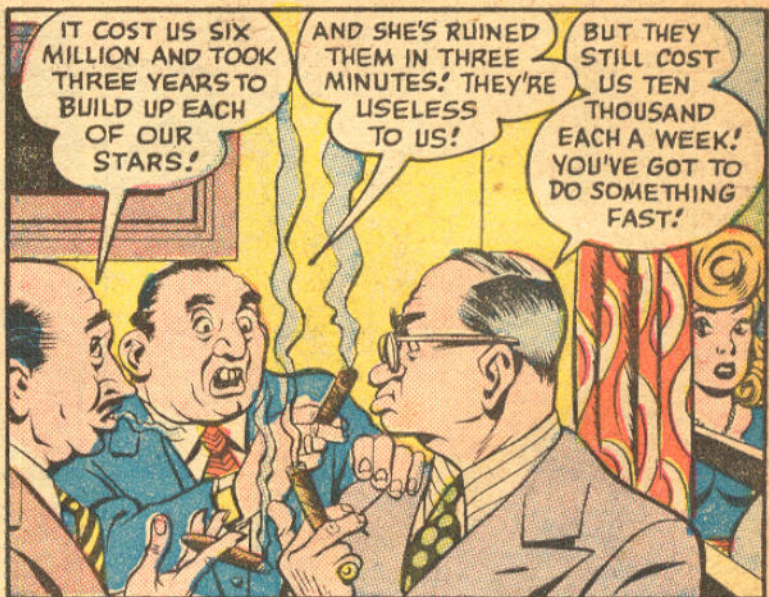
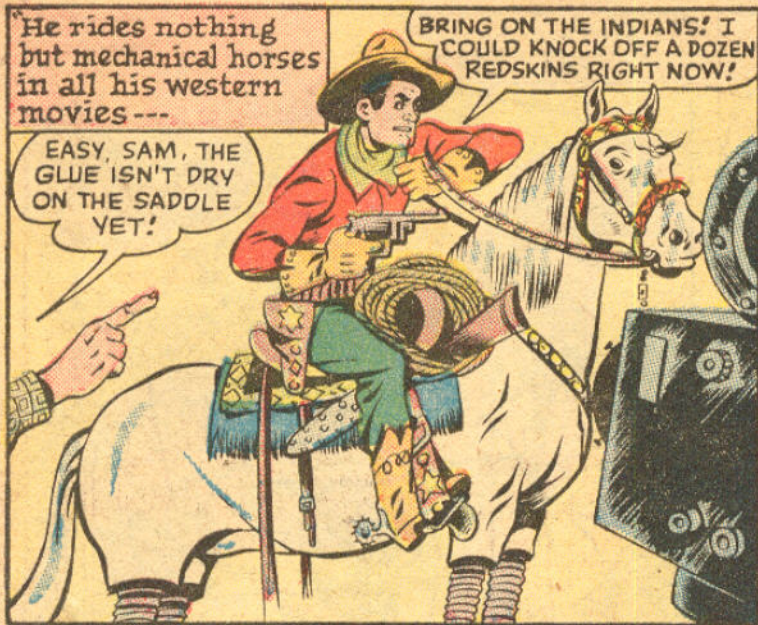


COME ON, CHOO CHOO! I HEAR THERE'S  
A MEETING OF HOLLYWOOD BIG SHOTS  
BEING HELD OVER HERE!

I SUPPOSE THEY'RE PEEVED  
BECAUSE I SNITCHED ON THEIR  
HANDSOME COWBOY HERO,  
SAM SADDLE!

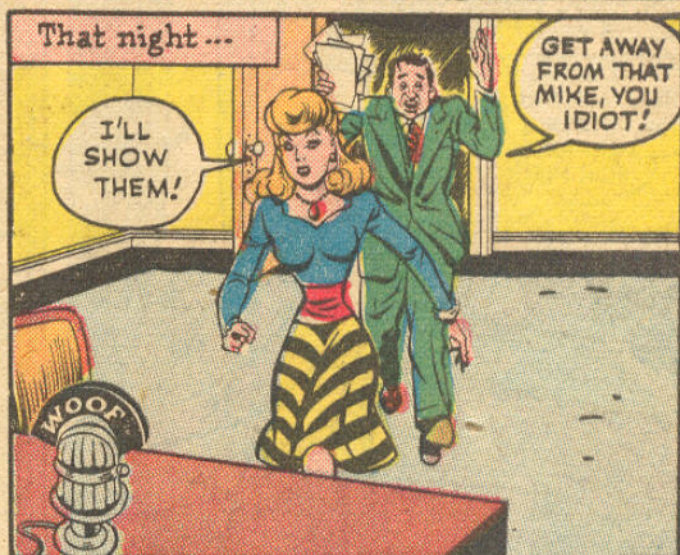
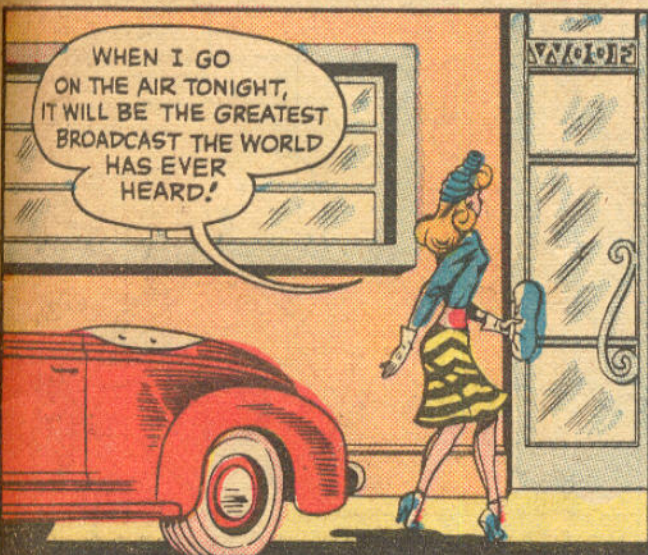






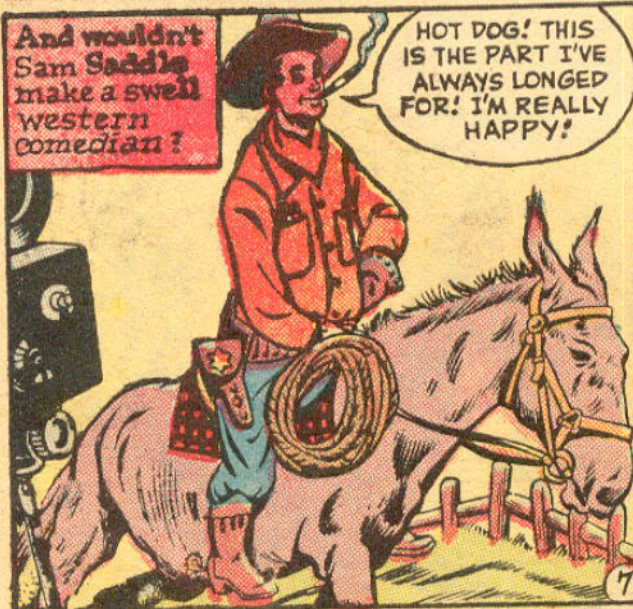
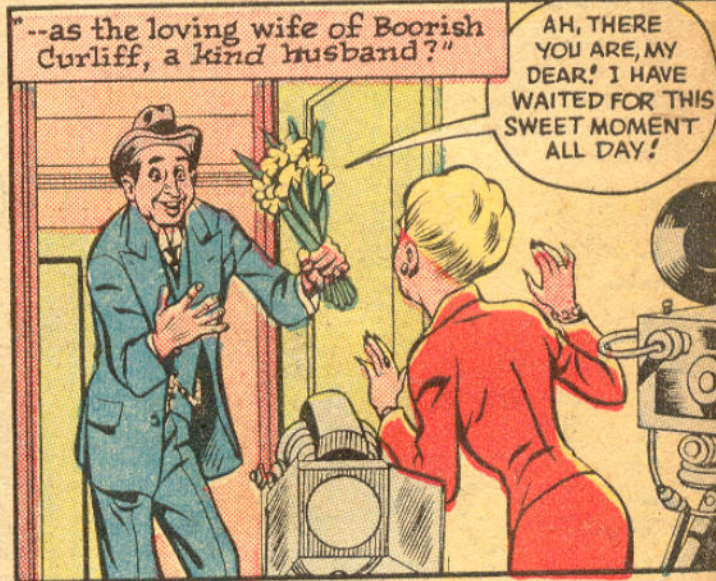
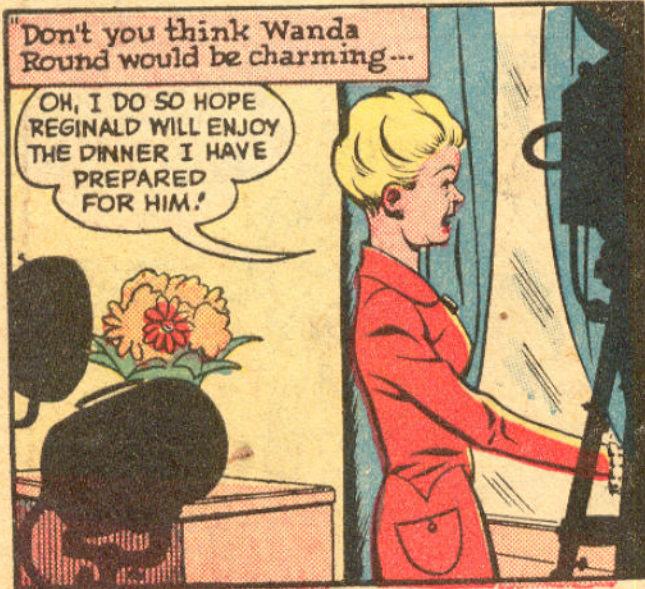
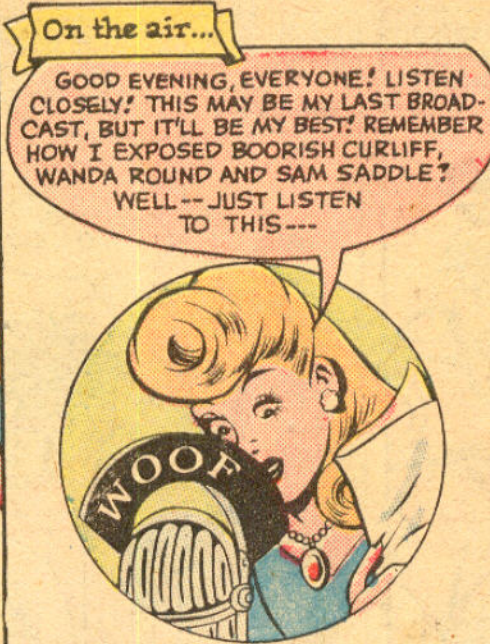


MODERN COMICS

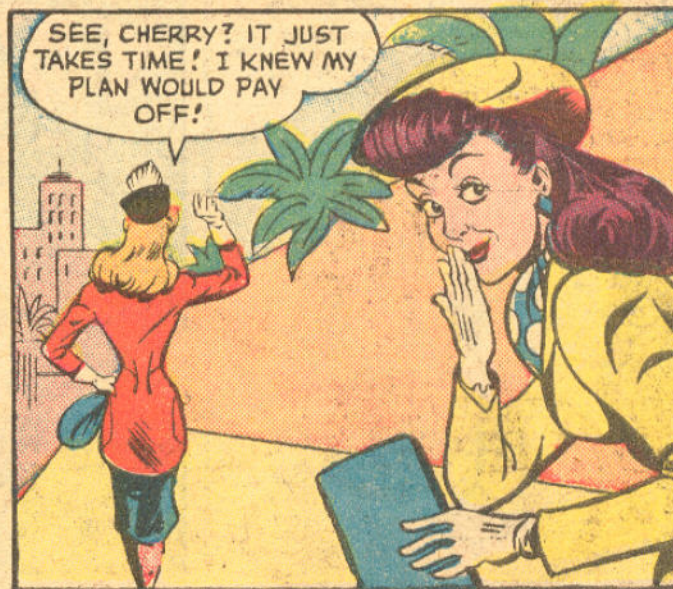
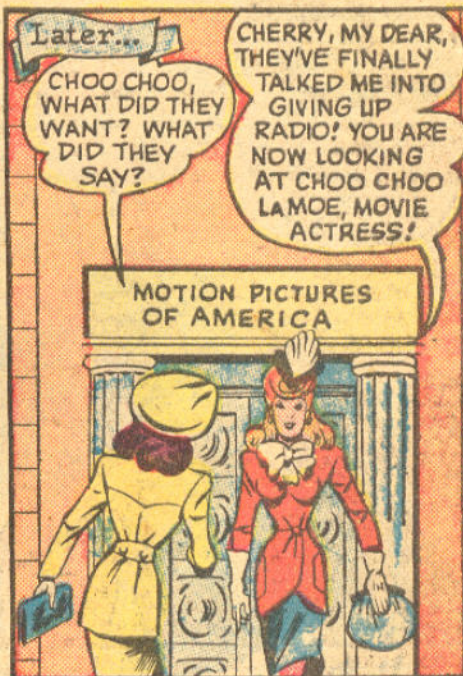




MODERN COMICS

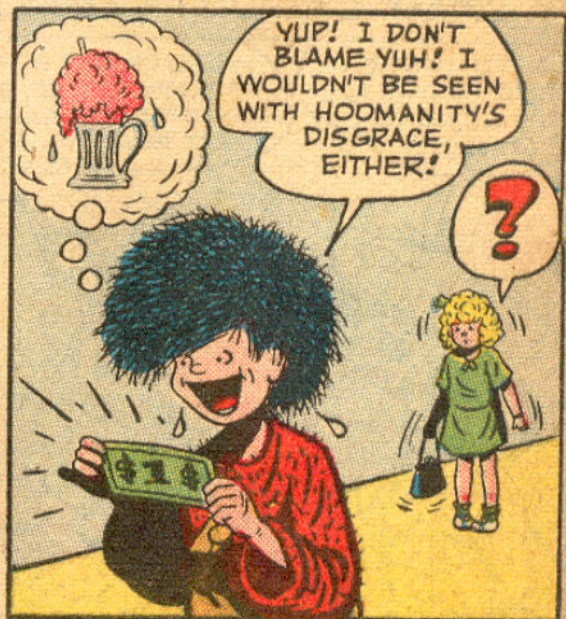
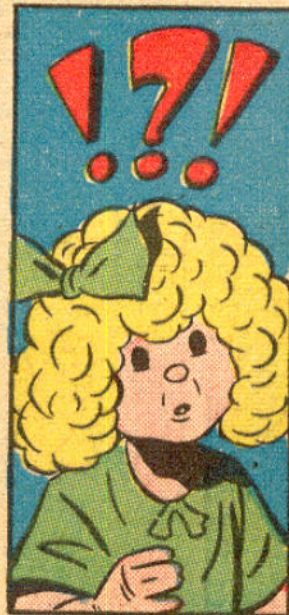
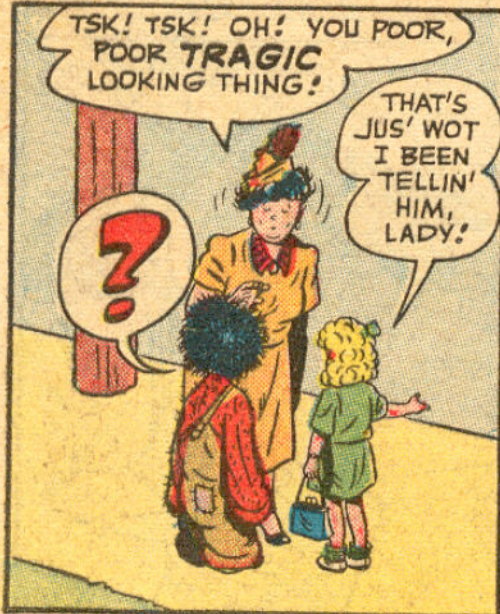
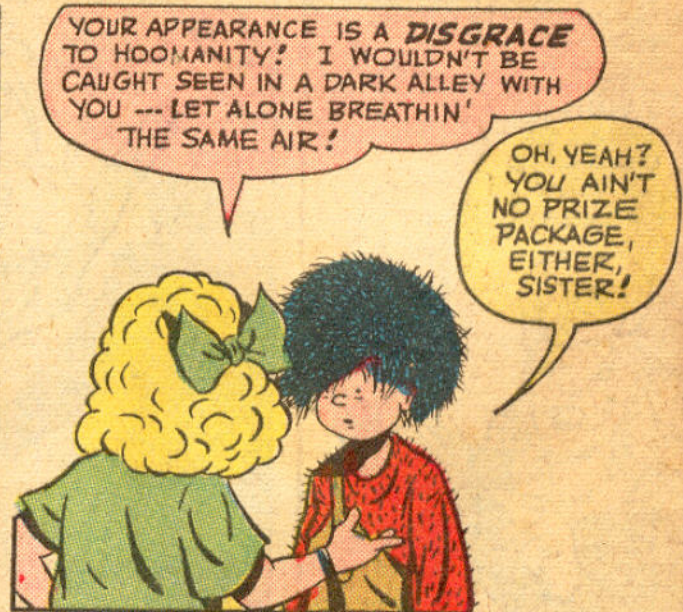
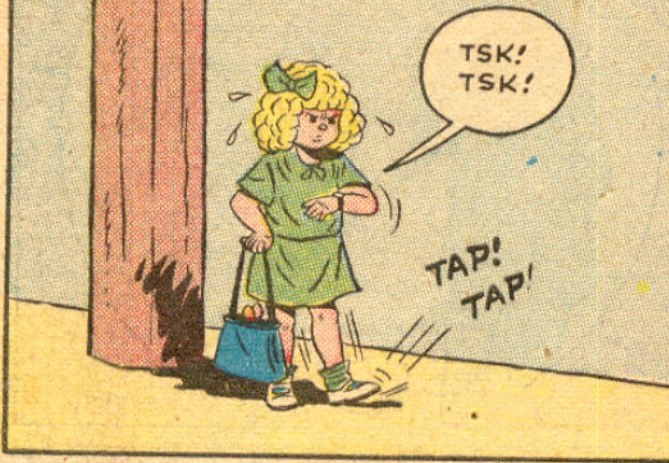






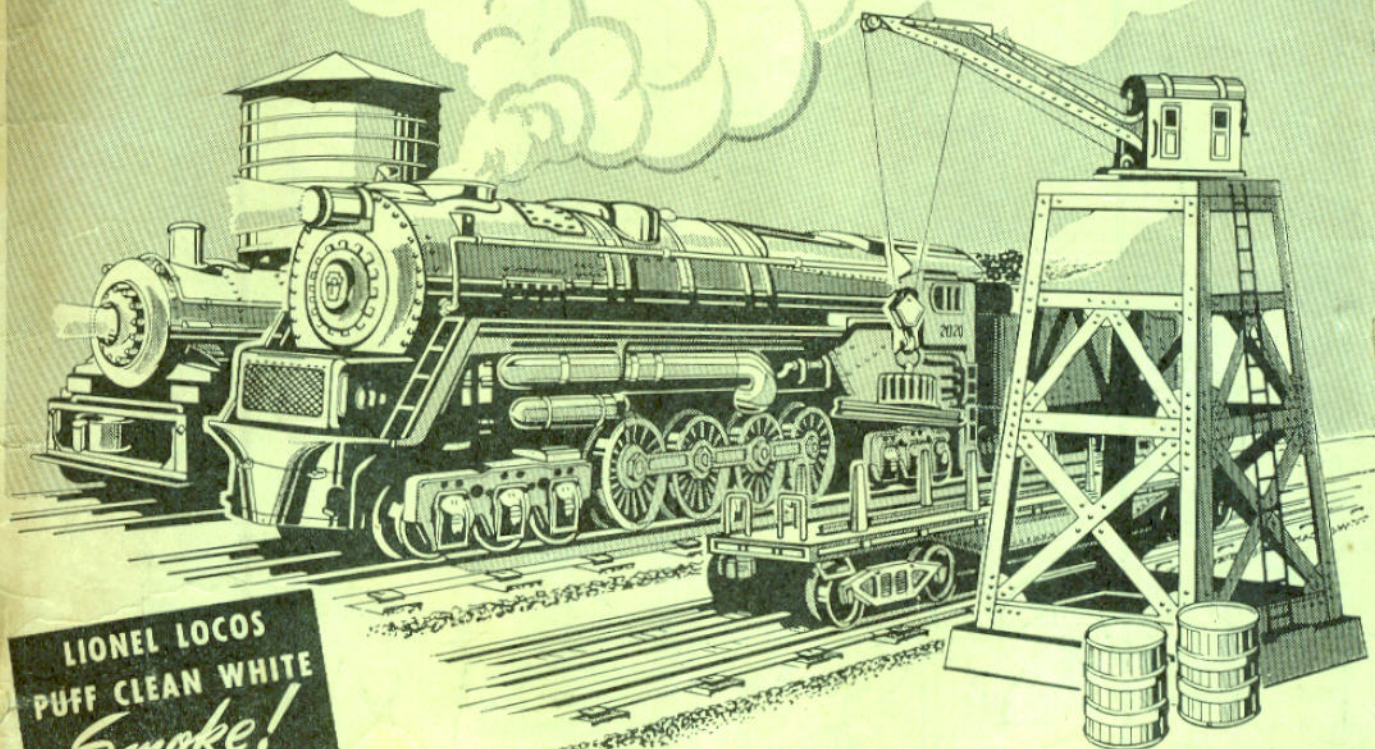


# PRUDENCE

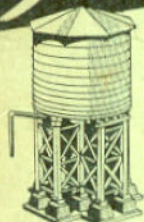




# If you want a **LIONEL** Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



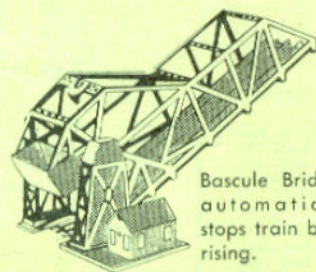
**LIONEL LOCOS  
PUFF CLEAN WHITE  
Smoke!**



Brand new operating  
Water Tower — water  
lowers and rises in the  
tank. Remote control  
operation.



Automatic Gateman —  
rushes out and swings  
lantern when train ap-  
proaches.



Bascule Bridge —  
automatically  
stops train before  
rising.

## WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want  
a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will  
get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains  
and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon  
today — you'll see!

*full Color Catalog also  
Scenery Building Book*



**Mail  
Coupon  
Today**

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"  
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book  
— also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

# LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

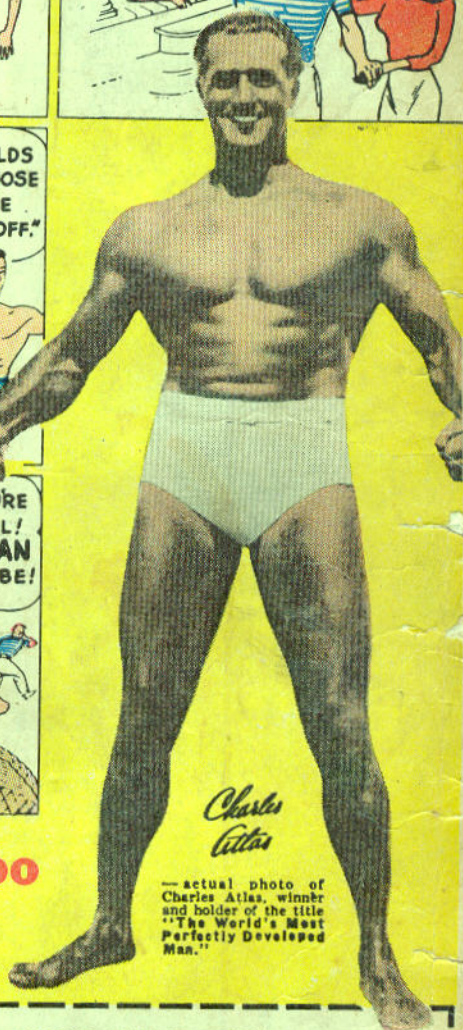
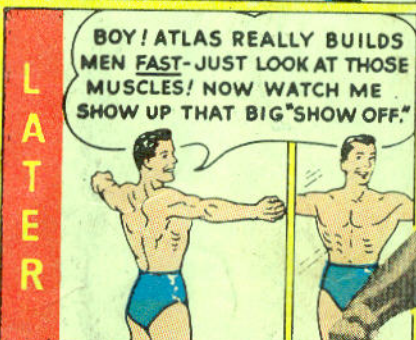
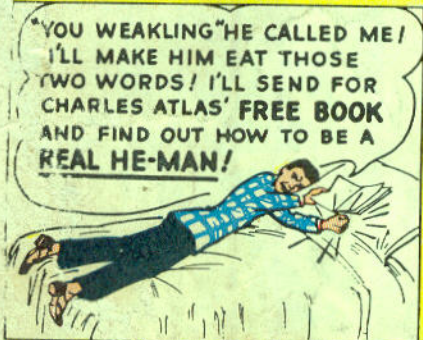


HOW  
JUST

# TWO WORDS

TURNED MAC  
INTO A

# HE-MAN!



*Charles  
Atlas*

—actual photo of  
Charles Atlas, winner  
and holder of the title  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M,  
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

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